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ETCHES OF SOUTHPORT

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

T. COSTLEY, F.R.S.A.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

SKETCHES OF SOUTHPORT.

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Poetry interprets in two ways, by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movements of the outer world and by expressing with inward conviction the ideas and laws of the inward.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Sketches of Southport

AND

Other Poems,

BY

THOMAS COSTLEY, F.R.S.A.I.,

AUTHOR OF

*“My Favourite Authors,” and “Lancashire Poets and
other Literary Sketches.”*

“Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of
the happiest and best minds.”

SHELLEY.

BARBER & FARNWORTH,
37 FOUNTAIN STREET, MANCHESTER.

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“My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in this dedication.”

SHAKESPEARE.

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TO

THOMAS WHITESIDE, Esq.,

OF MEGABERRY,

From whom I have received innumerable tokens of friendship
for above fifty years, and who greatly encouraged me in my
youthful undertakings, serious and otherwise,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSE IS FRATERNALLY
DEDICATED BY

THOMAS COSTLEY.

937500

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY LATE SON-IN-LAW,

JOHN KNOTT,

One friend is dead, another wed,
Both on the self-same day ;
Mid shine and shade, as it is said,
Our life doth pass away.

And yet the way is smoothéd thus
That leadeth to the tomb ;
For each friend that precedeth us
He beckons us to come.

And we must follow, soon or late :
Such is the common doom ;
Death now is knocking at the gate,
And who shall say for whom ?

Haply the friend that, yesterday,
We met so full of glee—
Of health and life, hath joined, to-day,
The great majority !

Then let us live, from day to day,
As of the fated band ;
And ready to be called away
To yonder Silent Land !



THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO HIS BOOK.

MANY a year is in its grave since I wrote my first little poem on so great a man and so sweet a poet as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. I thought then I had done a big thing. If it should turn out to be in the eyes of the learned a very little thing, I will say in the language of Goldsmith:

“Let school-taught pride dissemble as it can,
These little things are great to little man.”

The rhyme on Longfellow is my first-born, as that on Robert Burns is my second.

THE BEAUTIES OF SOUTHPORT.

Southport is a most delightful place. I have been to no watering place that has pleased me more for the last thirty-four years, to get my annual wash. It has been said

“Thousands bathe now who never bathed before,
While thousands who always bathed now bathe the more.”

I love it as a town, because it has absorbed a portion of the surrounding country, and retains it in its general rural appearance. I like it for its free, well-stocked library; for its extensive, and indeed immeasurable, untrodden tracks of

sand ; for its large and beautiful marine lake, for its esplanades and promenades ; and I hope and trust that my sketches of Southport town, in verse, will make it better known, so that it may have a greater history in the future than it has had in the past.

There are few subjects either sacred or profane that have had a greater interest for the poet than that of the sea. Nearly every great poet since Homer, and most of the minor poets, have some passage on the "melancholy main," as the sea has been called. It has been said that the sea is beautiful when at rest, when in motion sublime. The sea has always been an inspiring theme for the poets, and several volumes might be filled with specimens of the poetry of the sea. The most ancient of all poetry, that of the Hebrews, has many descriptions of the ocean, full of splendour and beauty, even apart from their sacred and inspired character. What a large number of people run down to Blackpool and Southport every year, when there is a storm, to hear what the wild waves are saying !

A literary friend of many years standing, and a great lover of literature and literary men, writes :

"A thousand thanks, O Costley, do I send,
 For these sweet verses here by this day's post ;
 Which thou hast issued at some little cost,
 And sent o'er the wide land to every friend.
 To thee, full oft, my thoughts and wishes bend,
 And Fancy pictures thee at that pure shrine
 Where the bright torches of the Muses shine—
 That light and warm our hearts, as home we wend.
 Thus, Costley, would I thank thee yet once more,
 Who, 'mid the grime and dust of city life
 Must still remain, and mix in its fierce strife,
 And the loud tumult of the traffic's roar.
 My warmest wishes well up in my heart,
 For thee and thine, of mine own self a part.

LINES ON THE SEASONS.

“Still sing the god of seasons, as they roll.”

I like the above quotation from James Thomson. It is from a sweet little hymn that will be known to most readers. I read it and admired it before I knew anything about his great poem, “The Seasons.” I tremble when I compare my lines on the Seasons with those of James Thomson. But there have been a few, and will be a few more, who will read my rhymes that never read his masterpieces. Milton says “in those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and subtleness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.” If I have not produced anything very excellent on the Seasons myself, I have called my reader’s attention to a few quotations from some of England’s greatest poets and writers. Robert Burns said he liked to pick up favourite quotations and store them in his mind as ready armour, offensive or defensive, amid the struggles of this turbulent existence. One of the greatest pleasures of my life has been culling beautiful passages from the poets and storing them in the book and volume of my brain, and reproducing them in season, unmixed with baser matter. In fact a very dear friend of mine has complimented me by describing my retentive memory in proposing the following toast :

“’Tis a Costley proposal I’m making to-night ;
But no doubt, one and all, you will think that it’s right
If we drink to the health of the man who is known
As the *one* Thomas Costley, all over the town ! –
Whose face is so round, and whose cheeks are so ruddy,
That you’d need to be told he was given to study ;
Yet so much has he read, and so much he repeats,
That he’ll give you each writer, from Chaucer to Keats :

And with Addison, Prior, or with his Dean Swift,
 If you press him but hard, he is sure to make shift.
 Be't the Georgian wits, or the wits of Queen Anne,
 They each speak from the mouth of this singular man ;
 While from Spenser and Shakespeare he'll quote the whole
 day—

And eke the whole night, if he has his own way !
 All he asks of his friends is, to lend him their ears :
 Just let him keep quoting, he'd quote on for years !
 He quotes when he's eating, he quotes when he's drinking,
 He quotes when awake, and in dreams, I am thinking ;
 He'd quote to eternity—quote for a nation :
 I ne'er met a man half so fond of quotation !
 All the wisdom of Pope's at the end of his fingers,
 And still on the charms of his Goldsmith he lingers ;
 But, indeed, if you look rather close at his poll,
 You'll find that our friend is the picture of ' Noll ' !
 A reader of Ruskin, of Byron and Burns,
 He'll quote you from this one and t'other, by turns."

A most talented philosopher and friend, now deceased, writes:—"Your 'Winter' and 'Under the Sycamore Trees' reached me at Southport, and charmed me. My friends, too, were much delighted. A live coal from the sphere of home and rendezvous of Mirth has touched your lips. I see one more gatherer of sycamore fruit, and that sweet to the taste. I hope the frost has not spoiled your Broughton trees like those in the Psalm, which says, 'He destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycamore trees with frost.' The cold weather caught me and bound me rather this Christmas, but my love to you flows freely as ever, and to your house."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In my opinion one of the noblest, wisest and best men that adorn the pages of English History is Sir Walter

Raleigh. In my little poem on him I have tried to pay him a worthy tribute. If I have failed it is because I am not as intellectual as I could wish, not for the want of sincerity of purpose. I can say with Byron :

“What is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier.”

There is a universality about his genius that is certainly elevating. Some men are great in one way, some are great in another, but Raleigh is great in many ways. He lived in an age renowned for its men of genius. He was executed at the instigation and for the gratification of a few treacherous villains. They were the most ignoble wretches the world ever saw, or, it is to be hoped, ever will see. It is reported that Sir Walter even pretended to the hand of Elizabeth herself, and thus ventured his suit : “Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall,” when the great Queen replied, “If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.”

A lady of fashion writes :—“The poems are all excellent, but my special favourites are ‘The Good Housewife,’ ‘Our Little Flock,’ and ‘Megaberry Hill.’” A companion in foreign travels congratulates me thus :—“Yours of ‘Megaberry Hill 50 years ago,’ also ‘The Good Housewife’ is honourable to your loving remembrance of persons and times long past, never to return. I was pleased to read ‘Sir Walter Raleigh.’ The others are very good, and I hope you will be long spared to pen more of your thoughts and observations on the past and present.”

WHAT A DISTINGUISHED MAGISTRATE THINKS.

A magistrate speaks of my lines on “John Hewitt” in this vein :—“I have read your poetry with great interest, and the poem written on ‘John Hewitt’ especially pleases me.” A literary enthusiast writes :—“The receipt of your very beautiful poems gave me the greatest pleasure. They seem

to me perfect. You would surely have composed sufficient if collected, and if the greater part equal the half-dozen before me no fear need be entertained as to their publishing proving a success. They have the accents well placed, consequently they are very beautiful when read aloud. Thanking you exceedingly."

JOHN HEWITT, THE PENDLETON WORTHY.

John Hewitt, a good man I had known for above twenty years, was during the whole of that time teaching and preaching to the poor people of Pendleton and the surrounding neighbourhood. Few better men were ever the subject of a poem. My personal knowledge of him is full of pleasant incidents. It was his custom, when in good health, for several years, to sit below the pulpit and give out the numbers of the hymns. I missed him several Sundays from his wonted place, and when I inquired the reason, was told that he was laid on a sick bed. When he was in the sick chamber I gathered in my mind the thoughts that are contained in the verses written. I need not say much about John Hewitt here, having given a brief sketch of his life in "Lancashire Poets and other Literary Sketches." John Hewitt learned the luxury of doing good at a very early age.

"When the good man yields his breath ;
For the good man never dies."

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE POETICALLY DESCRIBED.

Having had thirty years experience of an excellent housewife, I thought I would pen a short poem in her praise. All the praise I give is immeasurably small to what she so richly deserves. Tennyson might well say, "When man wants weight the woman takes it up and topples down the scales." It is truly so in this case. Sir Walter Scott might have had her in his mind's eye when he said :

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !"

What would the home be like without a good housewife? Like the builders of the great tower of Babel, or like a ship in a storm without a captain. There never was a house well ruled without a good honest housewife.

If England is rich in one thing more than another it is in good housewives. But if there is one county in England more blessed than another, I believe it is Lancashire. Some of the Lancashire women are the most thoughtful, the most graceful, and the most industrious I have ever known. In the language of Scripture, "They look well to the ways of their households, and eat not the bread of idleness."

A dear old friend who had known "The Good Housewife" for nearly twenty years writes of her thus:

"How many a hero dies unknown to fame!
 How many a heroine her cross doth bear
 Through thorny paths her tender feet that tear,
 And carries to her grave another's blame!
 How many a spirit pure is doomed to shame,
 While noble souls are born to sweat and moil
 On the hard ways, and lead a life of toil;
 And still the giddy world spins on the same!
 So, gentle Spirit, thou—meek Heroine!
 Toiling in patience through the darkest days,
 Gav'st all to others that to give was thine,
 Careless of self, and with no thought of praise.
 O candid Soul and pure! when shall we see
 A Wife and Mother who resembles thee?"

THE BARDS OF ERIN.

In reading the ancient history of Ireland I was struck with the important position assigned by the Kings of Ireland to the bards of Erin. They were employed and encouraged to compose songs and sing hymns in their most measured and

mellowed strain. Indeed, reading the history of the great old bards prompted me to write the poem entitled, "The old Bards of Erin." It has given pleasure to a number of my friends; even one who has lived for many years on the other side of the Atlantic has read this little poem on "The Bards of Erin," and has been well pleased with it, as the following extract from a well known American evening paper testifies (in which he wrote a long article on the Bards of Ireland):—

"My pleasant literary task is finished," says my friend, "in preparing this paper I received great assistance from a book entitled, "Lancashire Poets and other Literary Sketches," written by an Irish friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Costley, of Pendleton, a suburb of Manchester, England. My friend has lately been chosen a member of the Irish Antiquarian Society, and if a profound interest in all that concerns his native Isle entitles him to the distinction, the honour is worthily bestowed. I conclude with the following lines of a poem written by Mr. Costley on 'The Bards of Erin':—

And while green are the fields, and the broad rivers run,
While moons are uncertain, and constant the sun,
The lyrics and songs of the Celts shall endure.
Undimmed in their glory, till time is no more."

A FAVOURITE COTTAGE

The fiercest windy night of this century, and one that did the most damage to life and property, occurred on January 6th, 1839. I was then living on the top of Megaberry Hill, in the county of Antrim. My readers will have some idea of the storm when they read my recollections of Megaberry Hill. Of course, I need not inform them that the hill on which I was born was a natural hill of considerable size. From there can be seen the Mourne Mountains and the

... the XI. ... A native of the village in which I was born, and whom I have known from a boy, bursts forth in song thus :

“ I give you thanks sincerely, my really gifted friend,
For the poems you, this morning, were kind enough to send ;
I'll treasure them for ever as something doubly dear,
Not only for their merit, our common home is here !
And even while I'm writing, I gaze upon it still,
The house you've made immortal, the “ Cottage on the Hill.”
I hail you as a hero ; your triumphs have been great—
Another proof that Genius spurns not the lowly state.
I'm proud of you, and honour I give where honour's due ;
And that's a trait of nature I find that's strong in you.
The “ Kersal Bard ” would own it ; you act that noble part—
The love of love that liveth within the poet's heart.
You hold for all that's worthy, you love the gentle flowers ;
I'm proud that we can claim you and know that you are ours.”

The wife of our beloved pastor, wrote after his death thus :—“ The poem written since my beloved left us is especially sweet to me, and I shall prize it.”

One of my fellow-workers when a youth, who sent the shuttle merrily through the loom, writes :—“ I was very much pleased when I read your beautiful poetry, and I felt proud of the fact that you still remembered me, and that the long past had not blotted me from the book and volume of your brain, which I am glad to see is expanding by the noble employment in which you keep it engaged, like the strong, brawny arm of the blacksmith, which increases in size and strength by virtue of constant exercise, so the brain in like manner grows strong by the constant labour given it. In fact, it is so with every part of our whole body. May you go on and prosper is my prayer for you.”

MY NATIVE COUNTY.

An enthusiastic admirer, and a native of the county in which I was born, pens the following verses:—

“Accept my thanks most cordially
 For poems you have sent to me ;
 They are, indeed, a treat.
 It is so very kind of you
 That I shall pledge your health most true.
 If e’er again we meet.

I’m bound to have a strong regard
 For him who wrote the “Kersal Bard”—
 It fills me with delight.
 I like the one on “Snowdon” well,
 I like the one in which you tell
 About the “Windy Night.”

I like them all, and, better still,
 I know so well your “Native Hill,”
 ’Tis that completes the spell.
 Again a thousand thanks I send,
 Remaining yours unto the end,
 Most truly, H. J. Bell.”

A POEM WITH MANY ADMIRERS.

The poem entitled “The Kersal Bard” has had many admirers. It is truthful, and I felt when it was finished that I had given a true picture of a great literary man—a man more full of general knowledge than any I have ever met. The true singer is, like the true preacher, a benefactor to his kind. A titled gentleman of my acquaintance writes:—“I have read the lines with pleasure on ‘The Bard of Kersal,’ a remarkable man, full of learning.”

A WORD FROM A SCIENTIST AND AUTHOR.

A scientist and an author of note writes :—" I have read your poems with pleasure and interest, and compliment you on the ease with which you use 'the faculty divine.'"

A namesake from the dear old country writes :—" I received the poems all right, and am very well pleased with them. They are excellent."

An admirer of literature writes :—" As I looked through your poems I could not help thinking that your aptness was born with you and not acquired."

CRITICISMS ON THE VERSES.

A gentle authoress writes :—" It was so kind of you to send me the verses, for which I am truly thankful. I can quite understand the pleasure you felt in composing them, by the pleasure I felt in reading them. The metre is so smooth and flowing, so full of music, that the reading of your poetry will always be pleasurable " An unknown friend sent me the following :—" I enjoyed reading the brochure, a " Metrical Record," very much, and must honestly congratulate you on your success. You have certainly acquired a wider and freer command of poetical phraseology than any of your previous productions displayed."

INTRODUCING A CLOSING WORD.

A versatile and talented dear old friend writes :—" I received your kind letter, enclosed with which were a number of really very pretty pieces of poetry all having a true ring. I hope sincerely in the volume we are all hoping soon to see that one and all of these scattered flowers of varied beauty and perfumed sweetness, all breathing kindly feeling and true poetic inspiration, as " The Thristle's Nest " and " The

"Peerless Periwinkle" will find a fitting place in the forthcoming volume."

I now place my little book of poems before the public in the fervent hope that it will prove not only interesting but useful to those who peruse it. I can say with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, that I neither expect profit, nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

THOMAS COSTLEY.

St. Mary Street, Manchester.



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"If a book has no good table of contents, 'tis very useful to make one as you are reading it."

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SKETCHES
OF
SOUTHPORT,
IN VERSE,
BY
THOMAS COSTLEY.

TO the inhabitants of Manchester,
Salford, and other places, who
love to visit the pleasant Southport
Shores, in search of health and pleasure,
these Verses are dedicated.

PREFACE.

DURING the last four and thirty years, it has been my privilege annually to pay one or more visits to the pleasant town of Southport, "the Montpellier of England," as Dr. Brandreth termed it as far back as sixty years ago; and each succeeding visit has given me the greatest pleasure, infusing into me new life mentally and bodily. Often have I wandered by its shores when the "wild waves" have been breaking in foam, and, like Byron, "wanton'd with the breakers." A hundred times have I wandered by the same shores when Ocean seemed to have deserted them, and stretched my steadfast gaze towards the country rising beyond the far-stretching sands, or towards the sun, setting in glory "beyond the western wave."

The Southport of to-day is able to boast of its fine parks and gardens, its artificial lakes, and its splendid esplanade; but before it posessed any of these attractions the place had gained a deep seat in my affections, for with one of our great English poets I have often proved that there is a rapture even on the "lonely shore." It may be that the Southport sea is not a deep sea, but to me there was ever sweet music in the roar of its waves; and whilst wandering as above I have more than once found myself repeating the fine words of Shelley:

"I love that that thou lovest, Spirit of delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves drest, and the starry night.

.

I love snow, and all the forms of the radiant forest!
I love waves, and winds, and storms, and everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be untainted by man's misery."

The town of Lytham makes a pleasant and quiet resort for the invalid whose maladies are chronic. Blackpool the breezy, with its open sea, is refreshing and reinvigorating to the tired artisan, or town-jaded man; Morecambe and Grange, with their surrounding scenery, are lovely, each in its own way; but Southport, with its town and townspeople, its sea, and sandy shores, and gorgeous sunsets, is, and is likely to remain, to me the most delightful of all Lancashire watering places, and hence my desire to pay it this modest tribute.

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SKETCHES
OF SOUTHPORT,
IN VERSE.

THE "OLD DUKE."

"Sea things that have been fainting long,
Revive with the kiss of the sea."

—*Lewis Morris.*

"The sea belongs to eternity, and not time, and
of that it sings its monotonous song for ever and
ever."—*Home.*

In Churchtown—known to only few,
Though old—was William Sutton born,
In far-off seventeen-fifty-two,
'Mid quaint old farms and fields of corn.

And there, when reason gained control,
And thoughts within his mind took for m,
Afair he heard the billows roll,
And wondering, revelled in the storm !

He found, as years matured his mind,
 And griefs and pleasures filled his breast,
 That language, meant to move mankind,
 In melody must be expressed.

And being gifted with the love
 Of music, plaintive, sweet, and strong—
 The greatest gift of Heaven above—
 He gave a soul to many a song.

And when the fiddle touched his chin,
 And the fastidious fiddler drew
 His bow across the violin,
 Tears fell, or joys to rampant grew.

For Sutton knew the subtle power
 Of his beguiling instrument,
 That made a day but seem an hour,
 And stole the sting from discontent.

One rival of the violin
 At Birkdale, William Sutton had,
 Who by his fiddling, fame did win,
 And dancing, like a clown gone mad.

He was a sturdy, ancient man,
 Grotesque in contour, and in act ;
 Who, when most wanton, had a plan
 To please, and patronage attract.

“Old Fiddler Harry” was the name
 By which he everywhere was known ;
 And more than local was his fame,
 But Sutton always held his own.

And was by all acknowledged king
 Who, like the eastern wizards, came
 From lands remote, and gifts did bring ;
 Then home returned to spread his fame.

Thus every Sandgrounder boasts
 That fiddlers founded Southport town ;
 And, drawing strangers to these coasts,
 Commenced its progress and renown.

And thus in his storm-beaten home,
 Much better Sutton was than he
 Who fiddled over burning Rome,
 And closed his reign in infamy.

And yet when Sutton built his Inn
 Of rough-hewn stone, and rafters rude,
 His act provoked his friends to sin
 The sin of base ingratitude :

“ Here are but winds and waves,” they said,
 And seas that keep the poor alive,
 And all around a country dead ;
 On things like these can Sutton thrive ?

“ Will fisher-folk, and shrimpers, keep
 An inn like this for Sutton’s sake,
 When bread is dear, and nothing cheap
 Except the poorest fish they take ?

“ He will attract no guests but ghosts
 Who frequent solitary inns,
 And love to moan on stormy coasts,
 When day expires and night begins.

“ Can guests like these drink Sutton’s wine ?
 Or, listening to his strains, be jolly ?
 Ah ! Sutton, this hotel of thine
 Hereafter shall be called thy folly.”

But Sutton heard, and heeded not,
 For bathers came from many a town .
 And long-ear’d asses came, God wot !
 To bear their brethren up and down !

At last, the famous Duke of York,
 Surveying all the stormy coast,
 Came, seeking needful rest from work,
 And patronised the merry host.

Ah ! who a prince could entertain,
 And not feel proud as Sutton felt ?
 'Twould make the humblest mortal vain ;
 'Twould make the most obdurate melt :

And dukes can well enjoy a joke,
 When flattering courtiers are withdrawn ;
 And hence the gossips freely spoke
 Of feast and song maintained till dawn.

Of Sutton fiddling, and of York
 Unprince-like capering on the floor,
 As if the latter came from Cork,
 And bore the name of Rory O' Moore.

And ere the prince departed thence,
 He wrote his name in Sutton's book ;
 And Sutton, with great consequence,
 Addressed him as " My friend, the Duke."

" My friend, the Duke ! " so often said,
 Provoked the laughter-loving crowd
 To call the fiddler " Duke," instead
 Of him whose custom made him proud.

And Sutton, glorying in the name,
 Was pleased with his own vanity ;
 He knew he was the heir to fame,
 Though doomed to die in poverty.

The inn in seventeen-ninety-two,
 Arose by Sutton's steadfast will,
 In presence of the faithful few
 Whose scorn his purpose could not kill :

To him the fading morning star
Proclaimed the advent of the day :
And was it wrong to see too far,
Or be too soon on fortune's way ?

Say rather that the rich were slow
To recognise a mine of gold—
That Sutton found not faith below,
But doubt, like all the great of old !

Behold what charms, and what delights,
Confront the stranger's wondering eyes,
And know that righteous heaven requites
When man the due of man denies.

No man can live to see the end
Of all the work he does on earth,
Or he would never want a friend
Who gave a noble purpose birth.

Sutton ! accept our gratitude !
This is the town that thou hast made :
Though its beginnings were but rude,
To thee the honour must be paid !





CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

"She recover'd her spirits to a reasonable convalescence."—*Clarendon, Historian.*

"Sandruce late in convalescent charms,
Fresh as a May-blown rose."—*Glover.*

There is a greater gift than wealth,
And they who have it not are poor ;
For what are riches unto health,
Or all that riches can procure ?

But when disease and poverty
Combine to drive the soul away,
Mercy appeals to charity
To save the tenement of clay.

And they who hear her pleading voice,
And do her bidding willingly,
Shall more than all beside rejoice
When time becomes eternity !

These thoughts prevailed with her who gave
A home beside the kindly sea
In the broad street, the sick to save
By skilful help and sympathy.

Princess Sapieha was her name,
 A daughter of the house of Bold,
 And heir of him who bore that name
 When good King George the Third was old.

But fair ones were the first to move,
 Who knew that in this world of ours
 The work of woman is to love,
 And mollify man's selfish powers.

And who can combat the great skill
 Of woman, when she pleads the cause
 Of others? What she will she will,
 In spite of man's or nature's laws.

And thus the institution grew
 From small to great, from much to more ;
 Till last a palace rose to view,
 Upon the borders of the shore.

This was the Palace of the Poor,
 Who, having felt the shafts of death
 Come here their healing wounds to cure,
 And breathe the briny ocean's breath.

Ye rich who have the will to roam
 In search of health, in foreign lands,
 Some thought bestow on those at home,
 Who seek for health on Southport-sands !





SOUTHPORT SHORE.

“Sands form the mountains, moments make
the year.”—*Young*.

This sea-forsaken shore of sand,
Where only neap-tides wander free,
And, ebbing, leave upon the land
The tiny traces of the sea,

May move some callous hearts to hate,
Or give the scorner room for jest,
Who thinks that all things good are great,
And nothing's worthy but the best ;

But such as these have never known
What joy this solitude hath made
For him who dared to be alone,
And was not of himself afraid.

Here, when the morning sun appears,
And scatters mists from sea and land,
But turns to mist the speedwell's tears,
The very quietness is grand ;

For what are sands but silent seas,
And border-lands of mystery ?
And shores, as limitless as these,
Seem highways to eternity !

But soon, to search the ocean-floor,
 The cocklers come who pigmies seem ;
 And ant-like shrimpers cross the shore,
 While in their beds their patrons dream ;

For many mouths need many hands,
 And only they who toil can gain :
 These are the cocklers, fertile lands,
 That prosper without sun or rain.

Yonder, the silvery waves above,
 And glittering in the morning sun,
 The seagulls their white pinions move,
 Nor hear, nor heed, the sportsman's gun.

Inland the air is full of song,
 For skylarks build in every mead,
 And, poised the luminous clouds among,
 Compel the world to hear and heed.

Nor when the patient asses come,
 To bear the burden and the blow,
 Let people e'er insult the dumb,
 Or yet find pleasure in their woe.

Here Nature, with her many tongues,
 Proclaims her love and majesty :
 Nothing unkind to her belongs,
 And nothing wanting dignity :

Seaweeds from ocean-forests torn,
 Shells from the shores of foreign lands,
 Ozone on gentlest zephyrs borne,
 And e'en the humours of the sands.

Here Punch enacts his tragedy,
 And sooty minstrels sing and play ;
 Where preachers move to piety,
 And acrobats their skill display ;

For Nature here makes all men free ;
 Therefore, O ! scorner, scorn no more,
 But look abroad, and join with me
 In lauding Southport's glorious shore !

Let others boast of London's fame,
 Her ports, her towers, her treasures,
 Be mine to speak the heartfelt theme
 Of Southport and its pleasures.

" Each season she appears more gay,
 This best of bathing places ;
 Like Venus rising from the sea,
 Attended by the Graces.

The sons of Thespis here resort,
 And here find sure protection ;
 Their modest merit finds support.
 Their error finds correction.

This place, so late by Genius raised
 To the right aim directed,
 May shortly prove an envied stage
 By such kind friends protected.

One generous patron we secured,
 Who deigned on us to smile ;
 I mean the gallant Belmont Lord
 Close by the river Nile.

All visitors our thanks demand,
 Who patronised this place ;
 The Gerard's always foremost stand,
 An ancient, noble race.

Our patrons in this forward age
 Deserve our grateful plaudit,
 They surely must protect the stage,
 Since they themselves have trod it."



BIRDS OF SOUTHPORT.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone whose
notes

Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites, that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud ;
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.

—*Cowper.*

“ Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one !
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow ;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know.”

—*Longfellow.*

For all the children of the air
Nature has given us purest love—
The wren, an infant's hand can grasp,
The corpulent owl, the lusty dove.

The very sparrow has no foes
 Except the missile-throwing boy,
 Who loves too well, and would possess
 What, being free, affords him joy!

Nor can we tell why human love
 To children of the air is given,
 For all have not the gift of song,
 Nor all the attributes of heaven.

Perhaps the homes they have in bowers,
 And trees, and hedgerows, thatch, and grass,
 Endear them to us, and their nests.
 That all the skill of man surpass.

But why inquire why birds and men
 Are lovers, spite of sport and fear?
 It is enough to know they love,
 And that they build their houses here.

Southport, and all the lands that lie
 Between the town with tower and spire,
 Are all alive with English birds,
 That sing and never seem to tire.

The jackdaw, full of wicked wit,
 And wise as Solomon, is seen
 As often as the weeks have days,
 And corncrakes run the corn between.

To cheat the simpletons they lure
 With their exasperating cries :
 Here oft is heard the cuckoo's call,
 For never was the plunderer wise.

"The same who in our school-boy days
 We listened to, that cry
 Which made us look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky."

The building rook finds covert here,
 Nor fears the man of rags and straw,
 Set up to scare him in the field,
 But rakes up seed, and laughs at law.

The starlings come, like crows, in flocks,
 But not so black, and eat the grain ;
 They prosper spite of farmers' threats
 Who note each loss, and count no gain.

The titmouse, greenfinch, redwing, thrush,
 The winchat, wagtail, swallow, lark—
 These in the summer-time abound,
 And toil and sing from dawn till dark.

The Robin here is at his best,
 So smooth and clean his coat appears,
 So very warm his bosom seems,
 And he so free from wonted fears.

Here sings the linnet homely songs,
 For well he knows what man must learn,
 That but to humble zeal are given
 "The thoughts that breathe and words that
 burn."

But scores of birds besides are here,
 That make with joy the air alive,
 That sing as nowhere else they sing,
 And thrive as nowhere else they thrive.

The very sparrow here is clean,
 And bright her eggs as yon blue sky ;
 And if he fights, he fears no fate,
 Because he has but once to die.

Long may the birds enjoy their lives ;
 They have no other life than this ;
 They claim our love in their free homes ;
 To covet is to love amiss.

“A little wren at spring-time came—
 From who knows where?—and built its nest
 Deep in the thatch beneath our eaves,
 Where none its hiding place had guessed.

So small her body was and plump—
 So neat I trembled with delight,
 And throbbed with all a hero's zeal
 To make her captive if I might.

The secret was so hard to keep,
 I nearly told it many a time ;
 How could I reach the nest, unless
 On some boy's shoulders I could climb?

And was it safe to tell, or trust—
 Would Ellen lift me on her arm,
 Or scold me? Father must not know ;
 And so I hung about the farm.

Ah ! many a day when driven to school,
 I sighed and left my heart behind ;
 I made a muddle of my task,
 And smarted for my wandering mind.

Some day I hoped by stratagem
 To get her in my sole command,
 I dug for worms, and scattered crumbs
 To tempt her nearer to my hand.

At last I found she had a mate,
 So like herself I could not fix
 In memory's eye their separate forms—
 Like rainbow hues they seemed to mix.

A sunflower bowed its head among
 Bright marigolds, beneath the nest,
 And there was not a vacant spot
 Whereon my foot might safely rest.

So days passed on till impulse grew
 Too strong for silence and delay,
 And so, imprudently I told
 A well-known thief of nests one day.

The nest was reached—the old birds fled ;
 We gained and quarrelled o'er the prize ;
 And though those days are past and gone
 Their mournful memory never dies.

The fledglings pleaded hard for life ;
 With hopeful want their mouths gaped wide,
 But famished, or too roughly used,
 Ere day was done they pined and died.

We threw them o'er the garden hedge ;
 And, like a culprit self-accused,
 I crept at twilight in the house
 Remorseful, timid and confused.

For days a gloom was over all ;
 The flowers were not so bright and fair,
 The birds sang strange and painful songs,
 And fitful callings filled the air.

And now when memory backward looks
 On those sad hours, I wish in vain
 That love had been content to love,
 Or time would give them back again."



FLORA OF SOUTHPORT.

“Flowers and fruit are always fit presents—flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of man.”

—*Emerson.*

“Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.”

—*Ward Beecher.*

Southport ! thy name though not of ancient date,

Nor chosen to delight fastidious ears,
Is dearer than the names that kings have given
To palaces and fields of victory ;

For nature has such charms bestowed on thee,
That, as the fabled grass, which grew
Among blown roses in an eastern land,
Was perfumed by the company it kept ;
Thou art with dear associations blest.

Not only garden-flowers and trees conspire
To make thy streets a dream of Paradise,
But homely wild-flowers in the lanes and fields.

The daisy, looking on the noonday sun,
With all its petals to their utmost spread,
And sleeping soundly, 'neath the glowing moon ;
The speedwell, and the blue forget-me-not,
Waiting, like lovely maids, to be admired ;

The cowslip, with a pearl in every ear,
The harebell, beautiful in form and hue ;
The yellow iris, of its title proud,
The primrose, fair enough to be a queen,
Though simple as a peasant's cotton gown,
The lady's mantle and the poppy frail,

And ragged robin—for their names beloved !
 All these in field, and lane, and wood abound,
 Or in the marshes, or the meadows, thrive,
 And one selects for home a field of corn—
 There poppies thrive red as a soldier's coat,
 Whose juices are the chloroform of death.

But plentiful are rarer plants, and flowers,
 That only in the richest soils are found—
 Valerian, bugloss, hounds-tongue, pimpernel,
 Loosestrife, anemone, angelica,
 Sundew, and meadowsweet, and betony,
 And hundreds more whose beauties are con-
 fessed,

Whose priceless virtues are but little known.

Here grasses are more varied than the stars,
 That crowd upon the heavens on winter nights,
 And look upon themselves in pools and meres,
 What time humanity is rapt in sleep.

But not the quaking-grass, so fine and frail,
 Inspires my wonder most, but that star-grass
 Which grows upon the soilless hills of sand,
 Unfed by rains, by branding suns unburned,
 Strong as esparto grass, and rooted firm
 In sands, as shifting as the hour-glass sands.

How wonderful are all the works of God !
 The fluent ocean, and the steadfast rocks,
 The arid sands, the tide-washed shores, have
 life,

And streams, and ponds, and viewless fields
 of air—

Life that for ever triumphs over death,
 And tells to heirs of immortality,
 That He who made and rules us is supreme :
 Southport ! thy mission is to teach us this,
 And, by these flowers, to tell us God is love !

THE CONVALESCENT HOME.

In Lord Street, near the ancient river Nile,
On Birkdale side, a splendid mansion stands,
Where sympathy has multiplied its means
To give to invalids more certain aid ;
And many a memory looks with gratitude
On pleasant days within its portals passed,
Where ailments soon succumb to thoughtful
care.

The law of kindness here prevails, and cures
As many as the physic of the Leech,
Who does not more exalt his healing art
Than need be, but relies on faith and food
And joy, and all that interest gives to life.
The Matron kind makes kindly all the maids,
And mirth, evolved from sadness, reigns
supreme.

How many have I seen of man and womankind
Who felt that language was too poor to praise
The good that from this institution springs ?
And one, above all others, unto whom
I owe unnumbered blessings, here received,
Such aid that were I thankless, Heaven would
frown !

O sceptic ! who believest not in Him
Who came from heaven to seek and save the
lost,
Behold what institutions from His love have
grown,
Which from thy lifeless creed could not have
sprung !

Greece leaned on cold humanity, and Rome
On private and spontaneous charity ;
So ancient Egypt leaned, and Babylon ;
But Christ inspired us with the law of love,
And hence these homes of Christian charity !



THE GREAT STORM OF 1886.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
 brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yaw'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling
 wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he dies.

At first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of foaming billows, but at intervals there
 gush'd,

Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, a bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

—Byron.

How brave are they who venture on the waves
 Of the wild sea, when mighty tempests rage,
 And ships distressed appeal for prompt relief !
 In eighty-six, on Southport's stormy coast,
 Came such appeal across the angry sea,
 Through darkness, darker made by storm and
 rain.

The Mayor was holding public festival
 In the town-palace, and his guests rejoiced,
 As is their wont in winter's darkest month.
 But never is the shore so desolate
 That none are found to watch at duty's post ;
 And never seamen so profoundly sleep
 As not to hear, or heed, a warning given.

Forth went the Mayor, and all his company,
 Save those who were not fitted for the storm,
 To give the hardy seamen countenance,
 And pray all night, in thought, for their success
 And safe return, ere morning touched the
 shore.

The lifeboats soon were manned with daring
 men,
 Who dashed undaunted through the mighty
 waves,
 In perfect order, moving well their oars,
 And caring nothing for the drenching floods
 That sometimes stopped their breath, though
 not their toil.

O what a night was that, how dark, how wild !
 And, save the storm and breaking waves, no
 sound !

The lights uncertain burned upon the wreck ;
 No tidings came, as hour on hour went by :
 But when the morning o'er the guilty sea
 Revealed the devastation, all were drowned !

Alas ! though England heard, and promptly
 gave

Of her abundant wealth to mitigate
 The griefs of the bereaved and fatherless,
 No more the brave will land on Southport's
 shore,

Though in another haven they are safe !

Seaman ! standing on the shore,
 Now the sun forsakes the land,
 Watching, 'neath thy shadowing hand,
 Days vast splendour perish o'er
 Waves that glitter to the sand.

Brown as seaweed is thy face
 From the sea's unwitnessed caves,
 Torn and out-cast by the waves,
 And upon thy brow I trace,
 Lines that only time engraves.

And with all the wealth of old—
 Wealth that time cannot destroy,
 Comes the old familiar joy,
 As when marvellous tales are told
 To a never doubting boy.

When at night the pleading gun
 Asked the pity of the brave,
 And the helpless vessel drave
 To the shore she strove to shun,
 Thou wert first to hear and save.

The stern seamen followed soon
 To where white-edged waves were curled,
 And upon the hard sand hurled,
 Savagely, beneath a moon
 Beaming coldly o'er the world.

There ye launched, and rowing hard,
 While the watchers stood aghast
 Over yawning gulphs ye passed,
 By enormous billows barred,
 That were heaped before the blast !

Now thy hard and sun-stained face,
 Scared and roughened by the wind,
 Bears the record of a mind,
 Scorning only what is base,
 And too brave to be unkind.



HESKETH PARK.

Dost thou love scenes of beauty? come with me,
 A lovely and delightful sight to see,
 Where roses bloom in sheltered nooks,
 Where leaves are greener than the emerald,
 Where scarlet by no dye can be excelled,
 Where the pale scholars can forget their books.

Where bluest skies, through clouds of seem-
 ing snow,

Look down on bluer flowers that bloom below,
 By lawn and lake, by path and wood—
 Where swans upon their lovely shadows glide.
 And busy ducks their heads delight to hide
 Beneath what seems to them no flood.

Here is the place to talk of love, to dream
 Of things romantic by the moveless stream,
 If ever streams are void of motion—
 Where all but what is pleasing is forgot—
 The home of peace, where vexing storms are
 not,

Or lost in murmurs of the ocean.

Here flowers of all lands and climes are seen,
 And lawns kings might tread or e'en a queen—
 Where ceaseless sings the joyful lark
 Until the white moon dons her robe of gold—
 Would'st thou enjoy these pleasures manifold?
 Then turn thy steps to Hesketh Park.



THE BOTANIC GARDENS, CHURCHTOWN.

"God Almighty first planted a garden ; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man ; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks ; and a man shall ever see that, when age grows to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely ; as if gardening were the greater perfection."—*Bacon*.

Southport, once desolate and void of fame,
Has now no peer, if all the beauty it contains
Is set forth truly in descriptive phrase.
Its streets are mudless after copious rains,
And dry before the clouds have passed away.
Each house is free from grime, and weather-
stains.

But though the town itself is beautiful,
Its mansions noble, and its trees and bowers
Abundant, in its gardens and its streets ;
It would be wanting if St. Cuthbert's Church
At Churchtown did not speak of its antiquity ;
Or if that ancient village was deprived
Of one supremely beautiful retreat
Where botany is not a book but life,
That lives before us in its majesty.
Where so much beauty is of hue and form,
Of artless order, and artistic skill.

In the Botanic Gardens, floral wealth
 Is too abundant to be told or spent ;
 Exotics flourish as if native-born,
 Nor languish for the want of sun and home.
 Fantastic walks bewilder and beguile,
 Smooth lawns are here, and borders void of
 weeds.

Grapes in the vineries pleasant pictures make,
 And wondering mouths gape all unconsciously.
 Erections light, with roofs and walls of glass,
 Keep tender blooms from frost and nightly
 dews.

All that were ever praised in leaf and bloom
 Are here, and golden fruits from every clime.
 And when the stranger is intoxicate
 With too much pleasure, let him turn aside
 To view the curious things that have no life,
 In the Museum, worthy to be seen ;
 And for his sake who lived before his time,
 And died before the seed he sowed was ripe,
 Look in the case where Sutton's violins
 Are kept as heirlooms of the famous " Duke,"
 And say of him, as I have often said,
 " He fought adversity and nobly fell,"
 For some must always fall, or none would win,
 But say not that to Southport thou hast been
 If thou the Churchtown Gardens hast not seen !





SCARISBRICK HALL.

“This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air nimbly
and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle
senses.”—*Shakespeare*.

Inland five miles from Southport's sandy shore,
Stands Scarisbrick Hall, a mansion old and
strong,

Where there have lived, since Tudor times,
the squires

Of Scarisbrick Manor, and surrounding lands.

Far as the eye can see is waving corn,

In summer, save where prosperous meadows
are,

O'er which the skylark rains its melody

Till sleepy noon makes silence everywhere.

Here men of valour, and of kindly deeds

Have lived, and ladies worthy of their lords,

And all the place speaks well of olden days,

When men were strong, and built their homes
to last.

So may it long endure to give delight

To men of reverence, as it gave delight

To him who built it in the olden days,

When Owen Tudor gave us men for kings.

“ There the silver'd waters roam,
 And wanton o'er the unsteady sand;
 Spangling, with their starry foam,
 The tow'ring cliff that guards the land.”

“ Whatsoever the Lord pleaseth, He hath done, in heaven; in earth; in the sea; and in all the deeps.”—*Psalm*.

“ Thou didst blow with Thy wind: the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.”—*Exodus*.

“ The ancients personified and even deified health. Salus was the goddess of health and safety, to whom there were erected several temples dedicated at Rome.”

“ What! none aspire? I snatch the lyre,
 And plunge into the foaming wave.
 They spread in air their bosoms fair,
 Their verdant tresses pour behind:
 The billows beat with nimble feet,
 With notes triumphant swells the wind.”

Sea Shore & Slimes



Sea Shore & Slimes

When youthful SPRING around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warm, her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower that SUMMER wreathes,
 Is born beneath Thy kindling eye ;
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things bright and fair are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

Not Spring or Summer's beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one AUTUMNAL face.

DONNE.

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil ;
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil ;
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade ;
 The winds that sweep the mountains, or lull the drowsy glade :
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way ;
 The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of Summer fade,—
 The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds forsake the shade,—
 The wind be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree,—
 But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to Thee.

BISHOP HEBER.



SPRING.

*The night is broken northward, the pale plains
 And footless fields of sun-forgotten snow
 Fell through their creviced lips and iron veins
 Such quick breath labour and such clean flood flow
 As summer-stricken spring feels in her pains
 When dying May bears June, too young to know
 The fruit that waves from the flower that waves.*

A. C. SWINBORNE.

When March has spent his wrath on sea and land,
 Comes welcome April carrying in her hand
 A floral pail from which she scatters flowers
 By wells, and sunny banks, and sheltering bowers.

Then daisies come to look upon the sun
 With admiration, till his race is run,
 Then drop asleep, their shining petals furled,
 While he is absent in another world.

So timid maidens cover up their heads
 When darkness spreads his cloak around their beds.
 Then tulips, rich in colour and in form,
 Bend gracefully before the harmless storm.

Then gaudy buttercups whose gloss is such
 No painter's art can imitate or touch,
 Come forth in crowds, and tempt the young to roam
 Far from the city and too far from home.

The primrose pale, the bard's and peasant's pride,
 Now pleads her charms which never were denied.
 The cowslip, Shakespeare's flower, now lifts her head,
 "With drops of red in golden chalice shed."

Speedwells, stellarias, champions, bluebells claim
 Regard for loveliness of form and name.
 Young blades of grass shoot forth in glen and glade ;
 And trees o'erspread the land with grateful shade.

Mosses of richest green, and lichens, thrive
 By ditches, or where nothing seems alive.
 Bees murmur all day long, and flies abound,
 In love with their own drowsiness of sound,

That make the human head a place of dreams,
 Where nothing is, and something only seems.
 Birds sing, and cattle low, and cuckoos call,
 Milk bubbles in the pail, and over all

Is peace, and something of that perfect bliss
 Which waits for all who do not love amiss.
 So let us welcome these delightful days
 And make them ours by gratitude and praise !





SUMMER.

*Then came Jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
 That was untined all, to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well become
 He wore, from which, as he had chaffed been,
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.*

SPENSER.

Spring ends in June, if man divides aright
 Succeeding seasons that no limit have ;
 And summer-blooms prepare for autumn fruits !
 And, oh, what loveliness is found in sky,

And stream, and meadow, pathway, copse, and grove ;
 O'erhead the skylark sings above his nest,
 Poised on a morning sunbeam high in air,
 By ecstasy sustained, as much as strength,

As if there were no limit to his joy.
 Now early fruits that are the summer's own
 Swell on the branches of their separate trees --
 Ripe gooseberries, fat with luscious pulp and streak

With lines that tell of their voluptuousness ;
 The early English currants, white and black,
 And strawberries ready for their bath of cream.
 And as for blooms, what months of all the year

Can with July or June their blooms compare ?
 By waysides campions and stellarias shine—
Those red with passion, *these* with virtue white.
 Gorse now is golden, clover now on fire ;

Roses of every hue, on porches, trellaced-walls,
 And frames of cottage windows, richly bloom ;
 The bindweed crowds the hedges with its bells,
 And foxgloves bloom beneath the tall dark trees.

Delicious fragrance fills the evening air,
 That on the zephyr floats when kine come home,
 And when the sun has ended, afternoon.
 Birds fill the drowsy air with melodies,

And some from lands of orange groves and vines
 Come, as the swallows do, to please the eye,
 Their bodies tossing to and fro o'er meres
 And streams, or skimming noiseless through the air.

The heavens are full of glory, noon and night ;
 And if the sun be fervent there is shade
 Of bower, or arbour, alcove, glen, or grove.
 Dear Friend ! if thou hast loved as I have loved

All these things must have more than wonted charms
 For thee and all who have unsullied minds.
 In them is health, and pleasure unalloyed,
 The proof that Providence the world sustains,

That He who governs loves what He has made.
This is the story of the babbling brook,
The ceaseless language of the wayside flower,
The solemn anthem of the moaning wood,

The proclamation when the sun goes down !
Such glorious sunset saw I from Great Orme,
Above Llandudno, when the cloudless sky,
Dome-like, made earth a mighty temple seem,

Wherein the sun, like a majestic priest,
Passed through the chancel of eternity
And left dominion to the moon and stars.
The sight was grand but (such the human mind)

The sight that memory keeps is grander still.





AUTUMN.

*Mark how the summer kindly takes her leave,
And gathers round her her attendant flowers !
Yon glittering asters with their radiant hues
Convey the last memorial of her reign !
And see ! how fast advancing o'er the plain
The lavish autumn comes in rosy triumph,
Waving his golden hair : yon blooming mallow
That opes its red lip to the kiss of day,
Just tells his coming, then retires unseen,
To join his sister tribes in Flora's bower.*

KÖRNER.

The names of Winter, Summer, Spring
Are English names, but Autumn owes
Her name to Rome, who ruled us once,
And left us naked to our foes !

And rich the name of Autumn is
In sound, and suited to the time
When fruits are ripe and leaves are frail,
And damsons purple are with rime.

Fair apples on the platters shine
As plump as melons, and as large :
And as they lie in light and shade,
The richest odours they discharge,

And scent the rooms about the farm,
 While dreams of summer wander by ;
 And tell of fruits and flowers that bloom
 Beneath an ever golden sky.

The wheat now shorn will soon be sheaved,
 And, ere has fallen the needful flail,
 Will make a picture of delight,
 And be for us a winter's tale.

The granges now have ample store,
 The grape with richest wine abounds,
 The hay and roots are safe from harm,
 And hives are loud with prosperous sounds.

But moaning winds a warning give ;
 And flying clouds and falling rains,
 And morning frosts and frequent gusts
 Have strewn some red leaves in the lanes.

The swallows now are nowhere seen,
 And must have crossed the southern seas,
 To warmer streams in Italy ;
 And leaves are dropping from the trees—

Are dropping fast and seem to say :—

“See the leaves around you falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground,
 Unto thoughtless mortals calling,
 With a sad and solemn sound :

‘Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 Where, like us you blighted fell,
 Hear the lesson we are reading,
 ’Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Ye, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us—late in beauty blooming—
 Numbered now among the dead.

On the tree of life eternal,
 Oh, let all your hopes be laid :
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade !

Grasping misers ! oft mistaken,
 See the end of all your care,
 When by summer days forsaken
 Winter winds will strip you bare.

Empty Sophist ! daily scorning
 What was always counted true,
 Learn, though night gives place to morning,
 Nothing under heaven is new !

Apples grow, but soon turn rotten ;
 Winter makes the woodland bare ;
 Eaten bread is soon forgotten ;
 Death's own cousin's name is Care.

Youths ! though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in health and manly grace ;
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.

Sires revered ! with age grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
 Think amidst your falling glory
 Autumn tells of Winter nigh ! ”



WINTER.

AS SEEN FROM MY PARLOUR WINDOW.

*Winter ! I love thee, for thou com'st to me
 Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
 Books that with bards and solitude agree,
 And all those virtues that adorn mankind.
 What though the meadows, and the neighbouring hills.
 That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—
 What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills.
 That charmed our ears, and gratified our eyes,
 In thy forlorn habiliments appear ?
 What though the zephyrs of the summer tide,
 And all the softer beauties of the year
 Are fled and gone, kind heav'n has not denied
 Our books and studies, music, conversation,
 And ev'ning parties for our recreation.*

TABLE BOOK.

Though man makes war on Nature, Nature lives
 To take with kindness every blow he gives ;
 Forbearing long, she never wholly dies,
 Though winter wounds with his unfriendly skies ;

And shafts of ice, by winds on woodland blown,
 Lay bare the boughs, and leave the landscape lone,
 And, but man's life is long, he would not know
 That Nature's death is sleep, and that the snow

Is not a shroud, but sheet that keeps her warm
 And saves her from the devastating storm.
 And see what pleasant dreams the winter makes
 For sleeping Nature, ere from sleep she wakes !

Here, from our window, we behold the scenes
 Made by the snow, and ice on ponds, and streams,
 And leafless branches, and surviving grass,
 Where sunbeams red through misty gateways pass.

Now flakes of purest snow that seem to rise,
 As well as fall, drop down from unseen skies
 On twigs and branches, till the woods are white
 As saintly age, and pleasant to the sight.

Here also pendant icicles appear
 To tempt the sunbeams from their swift career,
 Forgetting that the sunbeams wanton are,
 Whose love, inconstant as a shooting star,

Dissolves, with grief, the souls that trust their love,
 Then fly, remorseless, to the realms above.
 Sometimes the piercing winds of winter-days
 Compel us to keep house where live coals blaze,

Or fiercely burn, above the clean-swept hearth—
 The throne of home and rendezvous of mirth.
 And who can murmur, when he reaches heaven,
 That he by adverse winds was thither driven ?

So welcome winter's snow, and winter's wind,
 And all that gives us joy and makes us kind !
 Yonder, the most conspicuous of all sights,
 And soul and centre of our chief delights,

A splendid grove of sycamores is seen,
 Composed so well, and with such space between,
 The trees are grand as well as fair to see,
 And very marvels of prosperity—

Broad leaves of mingled green and gold,
 And fashioned fair, their well-posed branches hold.
 The sycamore in June, or hot July,
 Bears flowers that always please the cultured eye,

And in their mass, and combination make
 A picture such as science cannot take ;
 And such as art could never reproduce,
 Though genius made of all resources use.

Four hundred years have passed, and fifty more,
 Since to these isles was brought the sycamore
 From Europe, where it long before was known,
 And in the continental groves and forests grown.

Unknown is he, who, thinking of a time
 He ne'er could know, brought beauty to our clime,
 And made us richer for his fameless deed,
 For our's the harvest is, though his the seed.

How fair the goodly trees, and yet how grand,
 In their domain, nigh Irwell's stream they stand !
 A shelter or a shade from storm or sun,
 A picture for the mind to dwell upon,

A proof that He who made and governs all
 Cares for His sons not less since Adam's Fall.
 Can we forget the story in the "Book
 Of Books," how one the coming crowd forsook,

And climbed (to see his Lord) a sycamore—
 Zaccheus, he who entertained a guest
 That made the world, and all his household bless'd?
 Then was proclaimed, what needs proclaiming still,

That they are Abraham's sons who do His will.
 O, goodly sycamores, how soon ye fade,
 As if of winter's frosts and snows afraid!
 Could you but stay with us, in fullest bloom,

Till all the woods had lost their summer gloom,
 Till every feathered minstrel ceased to sing,
 And only swollen brooks were murmuring!
 Alas! the best go first; but being best
 Deserve more love and honour than the rest.
 Regrets are vain; we only know "to-day,"
 And love is hardly love that seeks delay!



Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

DRYDEN.

Men of genius have acuter feelings than common men ; they are like the wind-harp, which answers to the breath that touches it, now low and sweet, now rising into wild swell or angry scream, as the strings are swept by some passing gust.

FROUDE.

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.

EMERSON.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

At length I have fixed on Sir Walter Raleigh for my hero. His eventful story is varied by the characters of the soldier and the sailor, the courtier and historian ; and it may afford such a fund of materials as I desire, which have not yet been properly manufactured.

EDWARD GIBBON'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

In Devon, on a village farm, at Hay,
Sir Walter first beheld the light of day ;
The month was June, in fifteen fifty-two,
When Edward Tudor reigned, the young and true.

When five years old, the boy was sent to school,
To learn what only can be learned by rule ;
He also learned the lessons of the street ;
For boys instruct each other when they meet.

When turned sixteen he went to Oriel College,
In search of influence, and a wider knowledge ;
Seven years he read, and wore the college gown,
And then forsook the dons to seek renown.

His speech was frank and gentle as his mind,
 Too proud to fawn, too brave to be unkind ;
 By nature fond of gaiety and dress,
 The queen admired, and loved him none the less.

A soldier he became, and fought the foes
 Of England and the noble Huguenots ;
 And bravely did he battle for the right
 Till it prevailed o'er arbitrary might.

He fought in Flanders, too, with heart as brave
 As ever soldier to his country gave ;
 Then coming home, preceded by report,
 He was received with honour at the Court.

In fifteen eighty-four, across the main,
 Through many a storm, he sailed new lands to gain
 For her who ruled his own, and was renowned—
 His goal the splendid world that Cortez found.

There he discovered what supplies a want
 Then felt but little—the tobacco plant—
 By moralists denounced, by smokers praised :
 The plant from which large revenue is raised.

In eighty-eight he fought the fleet of Spain,
 By boastful Philip sent our crown to gain ;
 Heaven gave us victory : a mighty wind
 The Armada smote, and left its wreck behind !

With Drake and Norris, in the Spanish seas,
 He served awhile ; then, seeking needed ease,
 He reached Kilcolman Castle, Spenser's home,
 Where he could rest, or but for pleasure roam.

But rest he could not long : departing thence
 He sought the Court, and gave the Queen offence
 By trifling with, or flattering, it was said,
 Clandestinely, the monarch's favourite maid.

A Queen's displeasure must be shown by power,
 And hence the two were cast into the tower ;
 But Raleigh, knowing love, that caused the strife,
 Would end it, made the captive maid his wife.

In ninety-five he went to sea again,
 And soon took Trinidad, in spite of Spain ;
 And for the space of four years he prevailed
 Triumphantly o'er all who had assailed.

Guiana he discovered next, and there
 Saw what at last but lured him to despair :
 Then, as rear-admiral our knight appeared,
 And all the seas of doubtful vessels cleared.

So fiercely Raleigh fought, when Cadiz fell,
 That though sore wounded he could hardly tell
 Until exhausted nature made it plain
 And rest revealed the agony of pain.

When home he came, and spake in Parliament,
 Free labour was his cure for discontent ;
 And trade with every land beyond the seas,
 As free and unconstrained as summer's breeze.

He loved his country, and revered his Queen,
 And was what all the best have ever been—
 A reverent man, who, serving well the State,
 Served God not less : and humble was, though great !

The great Queen died, and Raleigh lost a friend,
 Not less attached because he did offend :
 For whom she ardently admired she spurned,
 Till love for very pity's sake, returned.

Now Essex, jealous of the rising fame
 Of Raleigh, sought to tarnish his good name
 By tales of treason, whispered in the ear
 Of James, who was too soon the dupe of fear.

And what is slander but the breath of hate
Sent forth by them who never can be great—
Who, though their brows by coronets are pressed,
Are loathed on earth, and afterwards unblessed.

Before Chief Justice Coke, for treason high,
Was Raleigh tried, and then condemned to die ;
But they who sought his life relaxed their power,
To save their souls, and sent him to the Tower.

There for the space of thirteen years he lay—
Not idle, for he never lost a day :
His pen kept pace with his industrious mind,
And hence he left a pile of books behind.

At length he gained his freedom for a time,
And sought new fame ; but failure is a crime ;
And when disasters came, his foes were brave
Enough to send him to a felon's grave.

A deed more base and cruel ne'er was done
Since law was known or Government begun :
Upon the block the hero laid his head,
And soon, alas, too soon, his spirit fled !

That moment heaven decreed, if truth were known,
The doom of those who occupied the throne ;
For after that all enterprises failed,
And nought to save them from their doom availed.

Farewell, brave spirit, soldier, sailor, bard,
Historian, worthy of the world's regard,
Explorer, patriot, courtier always great,
And ready with thy life to serve the State !

Like our Lord Dufferin, whose long life has been
Spent in the service of the Empress Queen ;
Or like Sir Philip Sidney of thy time,
Who helped to make your spacious age sublime !

Farewell ! and may thy wisdom make us wise—
Thy valour every craven act despise,
Thy courtly manners teach us gentleness,
Thy love of nature what is happiness !

And may thy fearless death inspire the brave
To scorn the wonted terrors of the grave ;
For worse than death is life when winds blow rude
From icy summits of ingratitude.





JOHN HEWITT.

BORN 1803 : DIED JULY, 1880.

*He is a faithful pastor of the poor :—
 He thinks not of himself : his Master's words,
 "Feed, feed my sheep," are ever at his heart,
 The cross of Christ is aye before his eye.*

When Charlestown's honour'd patriarch
 By sickness was laid low,
 We felt a truer Christian
 The township ne'er could know.
 For fifty years he laboured hard
 Among the sorrowing poor,
 Diffusing gospel truths, and joy,
 At every cottage door.

Though in God's house, with eyes of sense,
 No more we see his face,
 His venerable form is yet
 In its accustomed place :
 And there, attentive to the words
 That fall upon his ear,
 I see him still, and still believe
 His spirit hovers near.

To *me* that seat seems occupied,
 Where sunbeams, as of old,
 Stream through the sacred pane, and mix
 His silvery locks with gold—
 A symbol of that heavenly light
 Wherein his spirit dwelt,
 And saw the sinless Paradise,
 Where sorrow is not felt.

But in the merry Whitsuntide,
 When fields and woods were gay,
 He ceased to be a serious man,
 And joined the young in play :
 No flower so bright, no child so blythe
 As he upon the scene—
 And many a loving heart he left
 To keep his memory green.

He lived the time allotted man—
 A useful time of love :
 He cheered the sad, relieved the poor,
 And led their thoughts above ;
 And when his sight grew dum with age,
 And sleep forsook at night,
 His self-forgetting prayer was this :
 " Give Charlestown still more light !"

Love prompted those to pray for him
 Who never prayed before,
 Except in words but little felt,
 That God would him restore.
 But He who gave must take away,
 In His good time, the best,
 To teach us gratitude, and give
 The good their well-earned rest.

May God sustain the mourning ones
Who suffer greatest loss,
And give to them the needful strength,
To bear their heavy cross !
His name will live in local lore
As worthy of his sire :
For names less worth than Hewitt's name
Have poets tuned the lyre.

And if, united with his name,
My verses win regard,
Shall I not count it well for me
To be his humble bard ?
The goodly acts of godly men
Need not the poet's lay,
For noble deeds of well-spent lives
Live on through endless day !





IN MEMORIAM :
 PHILIP BENTLEY, THE CHARLESTOWN HERO,

Drowned in rescuing a boy from drowning.

*How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes bless'd.*

W. COLLINS.

How shall a valiant heart be proved,
 If he is not accounted brave
 Who, by appealing pity moved,
 Gave up his life a life to save ?

A boy was drowning in the stream,
 When Bentley saw, and plunged therein :
 He saw the danger was extreme,
 But fearless fought and meant to win.

With his last strength, upon the shore
 He pushed the youth with outstretched hand ;
 Then sank, to live on earth no more
 Till death submits to God's command.

The boy, whose wont it was to rove
 All summer through the sunny fields,
 Beguiled by nature, with the love
 That never to misfortune yields,

Beheld, among the treacherous reeds,
 A radiant flower of rarest hue ;
 And youth no warning legend heeds
 When matchless beauty meets his view.

Along the water's bank he sped,
 Then stopped to clutch the glittering prize ;
 Nor saw the stream beneath him spread,
 That dashed the image from his eyes.

But Bentley saw—whose noble soul
 Disdained the counsels of the weak,
 And fears that craven men control,
 Who will not act and dare not speak.

Give him all honour, ye who love
 Whate'er is noble, true, and brave :
 Glory is his in realms above,
 But here an undistinguished grave !

And ye who read these humble rhymes
 Repeat the story as you may,
 Nor fear to tell it in all climes :
 And, ere you make an ending, say,

That heroes live in England yet,
 Who, fighting not for glory's sake
 Or to increase the nation's debt,
 Would bravely kiss the burning stake :

Who count false honour a disgrace,
Though ready with their latest breath
To do what duty bids, and face
Sublimely all the powers of death.

And further say, that he who gave
His life a ransom for the youth,
Was plebeian born but, being brave,
Had the nobility of truth.

And thou, O slowly gliding stream,
Rehearse thy melancholy hymn
O'er Kersal's vale, at day's extreme,
The while we sadly sigh for him !





ON THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE.

*Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.*

YOUNG.

And she is gone, the lovely maid
Who gave us all we had of bliss ;
So bright she was, so unafraid
Of all things in a world like this,
And yet as gentle as a dove,
Sure-trusting in a mother's love.

Her pain was very sore, but pain
Is oft the thorny path to heaven ;
And little did the maid complain,
For strength to tread that path was given ;
And faith in Him who rules above,
Who gave a mother's tender love.

She suffered more than tongue can tell,
But in endurance she was brave ;
For, ere she bade the world farewell,
Proofs of her trust in him she gave
By whom all creatures live and move,
Whose best and greatest name is Love !

On human love we all must lean,
 For sympathy affords relief
 To souls that wounded sore have been,
 And proves the antidote of grief :
 But not a gift of heaven above
 Is greater than a mother's love.

"I cannot hope to live," she said,
 "For in my limbs the fire still burns ;
 But in the Bible I have read
 That blessed is the soul that mourns,
 To whom the promise of God's love
 Belongs, as I have lived to prove."

"And mother, you who gave me birth,
 And taught me all the good I know,
 Oh ! dearest, best beloved on earth,
 Forgive me all I've done below,
 That gave you reason to reprove
 At times your child's too wayward love."

"Forgive ! as Jesus has forgiven,
 And taught me how to bear my pain ;
 I feel that we shall meet in heaven,
 And meet to never part again.
 It was no dream, the voice was love—
 A holy whisper from above."

"Weep not, for all these weary days
 And nights of pain will soon be o'er ;
 God's will is mine, for all His ways
 Are love revealed for evermore."
 She paused,—and passed to heaven above
 With such sweet words of grateful love.



ON "BURNS."

Burns' songs, little dewdrops of celestial melody.

CARLYLE.

*What poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?*

If ever genius since the world began,
Came down from heaven to dwell on earth with man,
It came when Scotland's greatest bard was born,
Who taught how man by man was made to mourn.

For his were words of fire and thoughts of flame
That helped the poor, and put their foes to shame;
And being lowly born, he ne'er forgot
The toils and hardships of the peasant's lot.

But genius, tho' immortal, cannot save
The human house it lives in from the grave;
And Scotland now can only praise the dead
Who brought her glory, and who wanted bread!

But praise deserved can never be too late,
 Or useless ; for immortal are the great :
 And in the soul of millions lives the soul
 Of Burns, and will till rivers cease to roll !

Did he not use the powers that God had given ?
 Did he not give us truth and light from heaven
 To guide the good and shame the evil doer,
 And light the thorny pathway of the poor ?

Nor sweeter sang the lark o'er Scotland's meads,
 Pleading, as only he who suffers pleads,
 The cause of truth, the claims of sacred love,
 And all that wins the smile of heaven above

And, knowing nature never did betray,
 To her he gave his life and love away ;
 And nothing from her lover she concealed,
 But all her secret thoughts to him revealed.

He therefore lives for ever and for all,
 Unchanged, tho' empires rise and kingdoms fall ;
 For heaven requites whom man unjustly spurns,
 And worthy of her care was Robert Burns !





OUR PASTOR.

DAVID NEAL JORDAN.

BORN OCTOBER 11TH, 1840; DIED MARCH 28TH, 1888.

*Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.*

GOLDSMITH.

When nature, exhausted, demanded repose,
And absence the sum of his worth did disclose,
We were glad when, so carefully nursed by his wife,
He came back, to labour the rest of his life.

We hailed with delight our "Good Shepherd's" return,
And trusted no more to have reason to mourn;
We saw how he scattered, in furrows prepared
With the ploughshare of Truth, the seed of God's
word.

The Gospel, as told by our Pastor, inspired
Belief in the rest that the good have desired,
Who, seeing on earth that all resting is brief,
Look forward for pleasures unbroken by grief.

Our hopes he sustained, he illumin'd each mind
With thoughts of God's love for the least of mankind;
A friend to the friendless, the poor, and the sad,
The grief stricken soul by his words was made glad.

We heard with emotion his rich, manly voice,
That gave us new courage and made us rejoice ;
But lives such as his are but short at the best,
And he whom we honoured hath gone to his rest.

And this was the motive that stirred him alway—
In private, in public, by night and by day—
That they who are God's must their loyalty prove
By acts of humanity, kindness, and love.

And who can believe that a soul so sublime
Was mortal, and only the creature of time?
No ! conscience revolts at the thought, and the soul
Cries out, and denies that the grave is its goal.

Not vainly he trusted, not vainly he wrought
In the service of One who our freedom has bought ;
And we, if our faith be unshaken, shall stand
By his side in the streets of the beautiful land.





THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

(MRS. SARAH COSTLEY.)

Born April 4th, 1830, Died January 23rd, 1887.

*What thou bidst
Unargued I obey ; God ordains ;
God is thy law : thou mine ; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.*

MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

When Lemuel's mother told her son *
That virtue by her kind possessed
Was more than rubies rare could buy,
She spake in truth, and not in jest.

For she whose memory I revere
Gave amplest proof of woman's worth,
Before she yielded up her life—
A better never walked the earth !

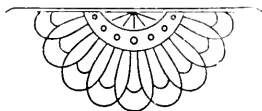
She could not rest till every task
Was well performed by her own hand ;
And yet she fair and gentle was
As any lady in the land.

* *Proverbs, 31st Chap., 1st Verse.*

She ruled her children and her lord
With such affection that her way
Seemed chosen not by her but them—
So pleasing was it to obey.

And oh, the goodness of her heart !
She never gave a blank denial
To young or old who needed bread ;
And was prepared for every trial.

Great God ! we could not understand
The purpose of Thy dread decree—
'Twas hard to part ; yet we believe
She dwells in happiness with Thee !





ON HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

His poems are of an order to which we have none akin. Germany, more than England, has been the source of his inspiration. Our own writers of short poems—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley—have nothing in common with him. He is still further removed from our lyric writers, from Burns to Moore. He writes, like Cowper, with a purpose, and his verses have a liquid flow to which the former can lay no claim.

“LON. METROPOLITAN.”

O glorious poet of the West,
 Who in our common language sung
 Of what is pure on earth and best,
 Forgive the love that moves my tongue.

A clearer sky and fairer scene
 Confronts me in thy graphic words
 Than I in other rhymes have seen ;
 And brighter flowers and rarer birds.

There men of every clime have found
 Pure thoughts that made their hearts
 rejoice ;
 And, standing on that holy ground,
 Have heard the great mysterious voice.

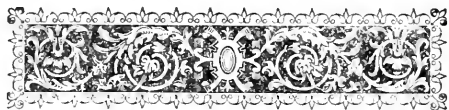
Majestic as the Atlantic wave,
 And rich with wisdom, as with truth,
 The bard that pleaded for the slave
 Shall surely have immortal youth.

Oh ! ye time-honoured hills,
The ancient, the immortal is it not
A highborn privilege ne'er to be forgot,
To feel none of earth's ills ?

Sublime are ye as heaven !
Though bleak, not barren ; silent, yet not dumb,
From outgone shadows health and music come,
And thronging thoughts are given !

Not worthless is your aim,
To stand from age to age, from hour to hour,
The Almighty's temple, token of His power,
And record of His name.

W. ANDERSON.



A NIGHT ON SNOWDON.

Three thousand miles of ocean space are less impressive than three miles bounded by rugged mountain walls.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

I live not in myself, but I become portion of that around ; and to me high mountains are a feeling.

BYRON.

One calm afternoon, on a bright summer day,
To the summit of Snowdon we wended our way,
From the lovely Llanberis at half after four,
Expecting to reach it in four hours or more ;

But long before dark ; for the sky was as clear
As lakes are in valleys when storms are not near :
And for three hours or more, the scene was so grand,
We might have been roaming in some fairyland.

In another short hour we had travelled so far,
That a cold, cloudy sky our pleasure did mar ;
And into a sheepfold for shelter we strayed,
And there for the sky to be cloudless we prayed.

For the cold was intenser than ever we knew,
 So over my head an old stocking I drew ;
 For storms must be met, when chimneys are rocking,
 By craft, if it comes to a head in a stocking !

No Cathay to drink, no sandwich or pie,
 To give us new strength till the tempest went by ;
 But nothing is conquered by yielding to fear,
 And strong should be courage when danger is near.

We therefore decided—four were we in all—
 To build up a barrier, with stones from a wall,
 And ne'er did a slave, or a barbarous Turk,
 Or a sailor at sea, do a tithe of the work,

In the time that we wrought ; but our dear London
 friend
 Complained of the labour before it could end,
 While Dodd was as pleased as a dog with two tails,
 But Thomas found fault with the coldness of Wales.

Up higher ! cried Thomas, and onward we pressed,
 For a lull in the storm, that proved but a rest,
 Encouraged our efforts, and quickened our pace,
 Till a vantage we gained, to rest for a space.

But down came the storm on the mountain again,
 And darkness came with it, and torrents of rain ;
 Still, close to the precipice, onward we strove,
 Compelled to advance, and yet fearing to move.

What dangers we passed in pursuit of delight,
 No pen could describe tho' a genius should write ;
 But who grudges labour when work must be done ?
 And who talks of danger when victory is won ?

The hostel we entered, and there saw a man,
 Who fried us some bacon and eggs in a pan.
 Oh, mortal who scoffest ! be hungry and then
 Thou'lt be sure that the cook is the grandest of men.

But next to good eating is sleeping profoundly,
 And never did tourists than we sleep more soundly ;
 We saw not the stars, we heard not the wind,
 But left all the world and its troubles behind.

And why to the top of the hill did we climb ?
 To see the sun rise in the morning sublime,
 O'er mountains, and meadows, and forests and vales,
 And all that is grandest and wildest in Wales !

But what did we see when the clock gave us warning
 That, dark tho' it was, it was none the less morning ?
 Why, nothing at all—but we felt, ah ! we felt
 A mist that a statue of marble would melt !

But later, the weather was cloudless and fine ;
 And slowly the sun condescended to shine ;
 Then down from the mountain to Capel we strode,
 And then to the pass of Llanberis by road.

There, boulders we saw that long ages ago
 Came down from the mountains, with ice and with
 snow,
 Engraven and scored in their devious course
 By out-jutting flint stones and gravity's force—

Sure proof that the mountains and hills we now climb
 Were polar before the beginning of time ;
 But now how resplendent, how glorious the sun,
 That so badly, this morning, his journey begun !

But all that we saw could not reach or surpass
The grandeur and glory of Llanberis pass ;
And none but poor Syms, who now rests in his tomb,
Fit praise could express of its glory and gloom.

Poor Syms ! how his eloquent words did inspire,
And move us to love, with a purer desire,
A keener delight, and a deeper emotion,
Whatever in nature deserves man's devotion.

For all journeys have endings, and tourists who roam
By lakes and by mountains, cannot forget home ;
Yet memory for ever shall dwell in the vales,
And moorlands, and mountains, and woodlands of
Wales.





THE BARDS OF ERIN.

Giraldus Cambrensis, who went into Ireland, along with the first English adventurers, and was infected with all the prejudices of the time, says, "Nature has looked with a more favourable eye than usual upon this Kingdom of the Zephyrs."

For in the eighth century, Ireland possessed a school of art, in her manuscripts and sculpture, which in many of its qualities—apparently in all essential qualities of decorative invention—was quite without rival; seeming as if it might have advanced to the highest triumphs in architecture and in painting.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The old Bards of Erin to nature were true,
No matter the theme that was under review;
Or whether of king, or of soldier, or river
They sang, the world it must listen for ever.

When came the Milesians to Ireland from Spain,
The great Celtic singers were first in their train;
And dear to the king were the famed "Minstrel Bards,"
Who gave them high honour and ample rewards.

And do we not gather from the tales of yore,
That Old Erin was rich in legends and lore—
That genius had given to the bards of her land
The secrets of nature to well understand?

The natives of Erin were first called Danauns,
But conquered were these by the Milesians,
Who came before Christ thirteen hundred years,
And with them the bards, as in history appears.

Eight hundred years more, and the Celts then arrived,
And in a Greek song that till now has survived
The green island is known as "Hibernia,"
Though yclept by the pagans "Juvernica."

Nine centuries passed, and the name that she bore
Was "Scotia the beautiful"—centre to shore;
Renowned was she then for the songs of the heart;
Nor less was she famed for her triumphs in art.

'Twas then that in Ireland lived Ossian, the bold,
Who younger appears as our planet grows old;
His genius, that glowed like a fire in that age,
Still shineth as brightly in history's page.

'Twas then that the Romans were driven to Gaul—
A theme for the poets, both mighty and small;
And then came Saint Patrick, sent hither by heaven,
For greater than he was hath never been given.

All the kings of the land acknowledged his power,
And gave God the glory; and unto this hour
Religion and reverence are first and supreme,
In cottage and mansion, by moorland and stream.

Thus Ireland from times that are misty, by stages,
 Advanced to the time of the middle ages ;
 And from century four, to a thousand and one,
 The bards of the "Green Island" revelled in song.

And many a song that was sung has been lost ;
 For love had its victims, whose purposes crossed
 Found only expression in song or in rhyme,
 Till sorrows were healed by the solace of time.

There appeared then in Erin, to add to its glory,
 The workers in art, who are famous in story—
 The art that adorneth each temple and hall,
 That beautifies strength, and gives pleasure to all.

In Europe this time was termed the "dark ages" :
 But in Erin 'twas really the period of sages ;
 For the Bards and the Brehons had mighty renown,
 Tho' few of their works to our time have come down.

The "king of the kings" lived in Tara's famed hall,
 And the Bards and the Brehons they answered his call ;
 As part of his court and as part of his state,
 They came at his bidding both early and late.

In century five came the great men of letters,
 Who followed their bent, untrammelled by fetters ;
 And this may be classed as of learning the age,
 That gave to our history a brilliant page.

Now, following Saint Patrick, Saint Columba came,
 And many the Bards that have sung of his fame ;
 His birth was in Ulster, in century six,
 And with rich and with poor alike did he mix.

“Columbanus the Wise” was the next to appear—
 A saint who in Leinster was born in the year
 Of five forty-five—a great master of rhyme,
 A scholar and poet, too great for his time.

Giraldus Cambrensis, and Prince John of Wales
 In eleven eight-seven did visit the Gales ;
 And lauded the music of harp and of tabor,
 That flowed like a stream, without effort or labour.

In sixteen and eight lived the patriot MacBhaird,
 Whose poems the hearts of his countrymen stirred,
 His theme was the death of the Earls of Tyrone,
 And Tyrconnell, who fought for his land and their own.

With fire and emotion he called on the warriors
 To break down the strength of England's strong
 barriers ;
 In front of the battle he carolled away,
 •But ended in exile life's turbulent day.

On Christmas, at even, a thatched roof beneath,
 The “Last of the Bards” was born in Westmeath,
 In sixteen and seven—the blind poet's name
 Was Turlagh Carolan, the favoured of fame.

For musical skill he won widest renown,
 Tho' few of his works to our times have come down ;
 His widely-famed dirge on the fair Bridget Cruise
 Is finely profound as 'tis sweetly diffuse.

And while green are the fields, and broad rivers run—
 While moons are uncertain, and constant the sun,
 The lyrics and songs of the Celts shall endure,
 Undimmed in their glory, till time is no more !



RECOLLECTIONS OF MEGABERRY HILL,
COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND, NEARLY SIXTY
YEARS AGO.

*God of the chainless winds that wildly wreck
The moaning forest, and the ancient oak
Bend like a sapling spray,—and sweep the sand
O'er the lost caravan,—that trod with pride
Of tinkling bells, and camel's arching neck,
The burning desert,—a dense host at morn,
At eve, a bubble, on the trackless waste.
God of the winds!—can'st thou not rule the heart,
And gather back its passions, when thou wilt,
Bidding them, "Peace—be still"!*

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The year one thousand, eight and thirty-nine
Will long remembered be by me and mine :
For why, a great storm happened in that year,
That made us quake with mortal fright and fear.

Our cottage stood upon Megaberry Hill,
Above a river fed by many a rill ;
And from it on a clear, unclouded day,
You saw the shining waters of Lough Neagh.

A fearful wind blew from the farthest west,
That in the early morning broke our rest ;
From west to east it blew with such a power
That all the land was wasted in an hour !

Our cottage roof fell prone upon the ground,
And not one place of shelter could be found ;
Though th' outside wall stood firm as any rock,
When all beside fell down before the shock.

When I awoke I gazed upon the stars,
Not knowing which was Venus, or which Mars !
(And, strange though it may seem, since that dread
night,
To gaze upon the stars is my delight !)

A new silk hat the landlord, every year,
Gave to my father, whether cheap or dear ;
But though the good old man was wond'rous kind,
The storm was not—the hat went with the wind !

And when we told our landlord, at Dromore,
That roof and rafters from the walls were tore,
His eyes he lifted, with a wondering stare,
And promised the old cottage to repair.

When this was done a secret was revealed,
For in the ancient walls were found concealed
Base-coiners' tools, and pans, that plainly told
Of evil doings in the days of old.

But who the coiners were no mortal knows,
And they who knew will never now disclose ;
For they are dead, and dead men tell no tales :
(Unless, indeed, they whisper in the gales !)

Sweet "Laurel Grove" lay near our humble cot—
 No prettier farm in Ireland could be got—
 By trees embowered, of fruit and foliage rare :
 Few are the landscapes that with this compare.

Hull's limestone quarries can be seen from here,
 Well worked for many a long and prosperous year ;
 In them is found the lime that gives the soil
 Its richness, to reward the labourers' toil.

In youth, those fields I reaped for little pay :
 Just six bright pennies for a summer's day !
 The farmers said they could afford no more—
 (What wonder that I crossed to Albion's shore !)

E'en stalwart men, from twenty to threescore,
 And women, for a shilling laboured sore :
 These were the "good old times," as some would
 say,
 But praise of them will ne'er inspire *my* lay.

A prosperous orchard at the hill-foot stands,
 Deprived too oft by thoughtless infant hands
 Of its ripe fruit ; for youth forgets all fear
 When tempting pears and apples hang too near.

'Twas said the Banshee from those trees did cry,
 Though in these matters people often lie !
 But from the orchard, when grim Death was near,
 Folk *thought* she cried, and "blessed" themselves
 for fear.

And when our Auntie bade us all farewell,
 My mother heard the "sprite" her death foretell ;
 And we beheld her tremble with affright,
 While loudly praying, "Mercy, Lord, this night !"

Our cottage stood on Maguberry Hill,
 Above a river fed by many a rill
 From which, upon a clear & lovely day,
 Could well be seen the sparkling lake
 Lough. Neagh.

The Costley



Not two days passed ere death obeyed the call,
And o'er poor Auntie neighbours spread the pall ;
Low in the grave her mortal body lies,
But her pure soul hath mounted to the skies !

And now, Megaberry Hill, a fond adieu !
But not farewell—my love is ever new ;
And loving thee alike in peace and strife,
My love can only finish with my life.





SEEDLEY PARK.

*While in the park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.*

WALLER.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever !”
Said he, who saw with heavenly light
How fair was hill, and sky, and river,
And all that captivates the sight.

So said I, when I first beheld
The park of Seedley at its best,
That all my brightest dreams excelled—
Where all may freely roam or rest.

There lusty bees, with bagpipe drone,
Unsteady hung o'er prosperous bowers,
Or dropped where choicest blooms are grown,
And whisper'd something to the flowers.

Since then, like titled lord or squire,
But happier, I have sat and read
The books that noble thoughts inspire—
The living voices of the dead !

Not that my books absorb my time ;
 For what I read will wait of me,
 While, for a space, I leave the rhyme,
 To gaze on lawn, or lake, or tree.

'Tis true we have no murmuring stream,
 And but a lake with grassy sides,
 Where, like a pageant in a dream,
 The swan upon her image rides.

And ducklings, only just alive,
 Can swim, by older ducks untaught :
 The children laugh to see them dive—
 Ah me ! they fill my mind with thought.

And here, when drowsy keepers pass,
 To ope the gates, and dewes adorn
 The pointed fingers of the grass,
 The lark salutes the early morn.

In yonder tree the throstle sings,
 When low winds tell of failing light ;
 Then all too soon the keeper rings
 The bell, that plainly says " Good night."

Of noble parks that Edens are
 Immortal Bacon spake ; but here
 Are all I want, tho' gazing far
 No fawns are seen, nor stags appear.

You hear the town ; but why demur ?
 The light shines brightest in the dark :
 Let those another park prefer
 Who will : my choice is Seedley Park.



PENDLETON BOULEVARDS.

The golden sun of summer was sinking in the west,
 And gentle birds were flying to gain each one her nest,
 When spake a feeble mortal, who sat near Seedley
 Lane,
 "Thank God for our good townsmen: this seat relieves
 my pain."

The boulevards of Pendleton add beauty to our home,
 Nor oft shall we have reason in other lands to roam;
 When death o'ertakes the youngest these paths will be
 the same
 To give new life and vigour to man's too fragile frame.

I'm proud of all the ladies who planted here the trees,
 Though they were clad in costumes too rich for some
 to please;
 I would that Flora gave them the wealth of her
 domain,
 For fair to fair belongeth, and must with fair remain.

I'm proud of him who nobly bestowed on us the
 beech,
 To shelter ardent lovers when love dictates the speech;
 Here perhaps the tuneful thristle may sing his grate-
 ful songs
 In honour of the givers, to whom the praise belongs.

I'm thankful to the donors of seats near Noyes'
 flowers,
 Where age can rest in quiet, when over are the
 showers
 That burst the buds as gently as early morning dew
 Besprent on buds in Eden, when all the world was
 new.

I'm proud of Mr. Langworthy, whose name can here
 be seen
 Inscribed, to name the highway and keep his memory
 green !
 His portrait is at Peel Park, the glory of the town,
 His name, with that of Brotherton, will ever have
 renown.

Of those who gave the pictures of pretty trees and
 flowers
 I'm proud: they give us pleasure in all our leisure
 hours,
 And draw the mind immortal to Nature's sweetest
 charms,
 As artists threw the Graces into each others arms.

And let us hope that others may follow in the way
 That they have trod so nobly, till all our town be gay,
 And unborn poets over their honoured graves may
 sing
 Of what they did to give us a never-ending spring.



•

Men of few words are the best men.

SHAKSPEARE.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
“ Nothing to him falls early or too late.”

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



To A. S.

*Mighty is the Power that gives
Hope and bliss to all that lives ;
While man's happy lot is this,
First in hope and first in bliss.*

*Of the joys that fill the breast,
Joys of knowledge are the best ;
Link'd to his diviner part,
Oh, they purify his heart.*

DR. BOWRING.

In spring, when early flowers begin to bloom,
In summer, when the woods give deepest gloom,
In autumn, when the rarest fruits abound,
And when the winter's snow is on the ground,

My wont has been to visit Kersal Moor,
Where Kersal's Bard imparts his wondrous lore
Of plants and flowers, exhaustless as the sea,
To kindred souls, and those that honoured be.

In spring, the laws of tree-life he explains,
Tells why, in autumn, red leaves strew the lanes—
Tells why the lark salutes the rising sun,
And why, at eventide, when day is done,

The nightingale pours forth its plaintive song,
 Unseen, the umbrageous woods and groves among ;
 And every plant he knows by sight and name,
 And all its kindred, too, and whence they came.

Greek names to him (and Latin) are not ‘ Greek,’
 But words he can explain as well as speak :
 Of fronds, and roots, and bulbs, he talks for hours,
 Of English blooms, and gorgeous foreign flowers.

And though his wit is quick, and humour keen,
 He hurts not when he slips a joke between.
 Of course, he quotes the poets—how could one
 Who is a poet leave the bards alone ?

He, knowing poesy, is Nature’s voice—
 Must love her bards, and in their words rejoice :
 But though, betimes, he flies on Fancy’s wings,
 He never loses sight of common things ;

Hence fruits that bead-like hang on gooseberry bowers,
 Tomatos ripe, and well-knit cauliflowers,
 And even cabbages, with hearts of stone,
 He loves too well their virtues to disown !

In flowerless plants he is a shrewd expert,
 In lichens, algæ, ferns, and liverwort :
 He knows what plants in different climates grow,
 Which love the sun, and which prefer the snow ;

For God, foreknowing every human want,
 Gave every land its own peculiar plant :
 But oh, their names, so ready to his tongue,
 I cannot carry in my memory long !

Our Bard a linguist is, whose facile pen
 Has oft revealed the thoughts of mighty men,
 Who wrote and spoke in other tongues than ours,
 Preserving all their charms and all their powers.

But German is the tongue he loves the best,
 Wherein the greatest thoughts have been expressed
 Since Homer's time (and history yet was young),
 Save when our Shakspeare wrote and Milton sung.

He bids, and Uhland leaves his charnel-cave,
 And Jean Paul Richter rises from the grave,
 To guide his pen, and all his powers inspire,
 To speak for them with all their force and fire !

And, turning to the Vale of Todmorden,
 Where early days were spent with humble men,
 He leaves the learning of an alien shore,
 To revel in the charms of local lore.

His "Book of Flowers" unwonted power displays,
 And tenderness that merits highest praise,
 Wherein the names with gratitude he greets
 Of Cowper, Wordsworth, Chatterton, and Keats.

Still loves he Nature, whether in the wood,
 The laughing stream, or the impetuous flood,
 The grove, beneath whose shade the foxgloves bloom,
 The mountain glory, or the mountain gloom !

Not far from where the Poet's gardens lie,
 Another Bard, whose fame can never die,
 Composed the "Christian Hymn" on that glad morn
 When He who came to save the world was born :

And what a glorious landscape can be seen
From this secluded spot, of verdure green,
Of smoothly-shaven lawns, and level fields,
And all that charms the eye, and pleasure yields !

Oh, would that love were life, and learning bread !
Then could we talk about the mighty dead
Until the setting of our life-day's sun ;
But bread by anxious labour must be won ;

And Love and Duty oft on earth must part,
When only death can heal the broken heart ;
But may thy love of all things great and pure,
O Bard of Kersal, prosper and endure !





To R. S.

*Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of life ! and solder of Society.*

ROBERT BLAIR.

How generous thou, my youthful friend,
That oft a helping hand dost lend
To travellers on life's road
Who, just beginning to despair,
Would sink beneath the load they bear
If help were not bestowed !

Oh, may the Powers that dwell above,
That human wills (as oceans) move,
Still keep thy purpose true ;
And still increase thy earthly store,
And give thee strength, till life is o'er,
Thy work of love to do !

Thy love of books, and men of mind—
Of all who work, and serve mankind,
Endears thee to us all ;
And *there* flow purest streams of joy,
That give delight without annoy,
Nor fail whate'er befall.

The bard whose lines but few rehearse,
Though great his thoughts, and smooth his verse,
Writes not for thee in vain ;

For well thou knowest every bard
Must suffer many a penance hard
Ere his reward he gain !

But Nature is thy chief delight—
The flowers of day, the stars of night,
The mountain, stream, and grove ;
The sea that near thy home is heard,
The gorgeous moth, the tuneful bird
That sings and soars above :

And what-soever else is fair,
That lives on land, or breathes in air,
May claim thee for its friend ;
So was it when in Todmorden
Began thy sojourn among men,
And shall be to the end !

Among the authors on thy shelves
Is one we count among ourselves—
———, thy friend and mine.
I need not bid thee hold him dear,
For he is nigh, our souls to cheer ;
And constant love is thine.

And memories of a bygone day
Can scarcely fade, or pass away,
Or cease to be less dear ;
But lest they should with age depart,
Thou'st here called in the painter's art
To bring the distance near.*

Accept, dear friend, with charity,
What may to thee seem flattery,
And never doubt my truth ;
All blessings, human and divine,
With health and length of days be thine,
And all the dreams of youth !

* Referring to Mr. Perkins's excellent picture of Stansfield's grounds and cottage at Kersal.



To W. H. S.

*What cannot art and industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil.*

BEATTIE.

Dear Friend ! I feel constrained, in ninety-two,
To satisfy a love, no longer new,
That's often drawn my heart to Southport's shore,
And to your flower-environed cottage more.

Since first we met nigh twice ten years have passed,
And not one cloud our friendship has o'ercast ;
But brighter and more sacred it has grown,
As joys have multiplied, and years have flown.

And what was that which drew our souls together
Out of the fickle world's inconstant weather ?
'Twas Nature's self : your book of dried fern-leaves
Gave proof of love for her who ne'er deceives.

Flowers bloomed not in the street where first we met,
Save here and there a musk, or mignonette,
In pots on window-sills ; but by your fire
Were blooms of thought, and buds of strong desire ;

And by the ingle, sat with us, your wife,
 Who heard, and gave our conversation life :
 It was the second day of Whitsuntide,
 When church-bells tell how Christ was glorified—

A season when the children dress in white,
 Like shining ones, and fill the streets with light ;
 'Twas then you opened up your stores of knowledge,
 So vast, that you appeared to me a *College* !

Wherein were stored the fruits of dead men's brains—
 A treasure-house that more than wealth contains ;
 And as we talked without restraint, I learned
 How hardly all your knowledge had been earned.

But every task is light where love commands ;
 And pleasant was your life in foreign lands
 In search of Alpines rare, where mountains rise,
 Snow-capped, to altitudes that pierce the skies.

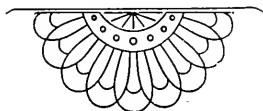
There you saw Tyndall, still to Nature true,
 Who on the Bel Alp complimented you,
 And your two friends, where the vast glaciers cold,
 Repel the timid, but inspire the bold.

I could not follow you in names of flowers,
 For they are alien, and o'ertax my powers ;
 Of Alpines, in not half a rood of ground,
 More than a thousand species there I found !

Thou, Stansfield, in the growth of Alpines skilled,
 Hast all the county with their beauty filled,
 (Green all the winter time, and slow to die)
 And gladdened many a thousand hearts thereby.

And when to talk of books from flowers we turned,
When on the western sky the great sun burned,
And slowly rose the mists from field and fen,
What rich delights the poets gave us then !

Oh, may we often, Friend, those joys renew ;
(If you can't come to me I'll come to you)
For sympathy, and kindred feelings dear,
Make the full half of all our pleasures here.





To J. I.

Literature draws its saps from the deep soil of human nature's common and everlasting sympathies.

LOWELL.

A pleasant companion on the road is as good as a carriage.

PUB. SYR.

How short is life—how swift is time :
A brief discourse, a page of rhyme—
A sunbeam dashed upon a stream—
A glorious, disappointing dream—

A flowery path to certain grief,
For youth too long, for age too brief.
Since first we met seems but a day,
But thirty years have passed away :

You were a stripling youngster then,
And now we are experienced men !
A mutual reverence for the great
United us—or was it Fate ?

Did stars conspire—your star and mine ?
Or was the power a power divine ?
No man can answer, none can say
Why we two met on Life's highway.

It is enough for us to know
 The fact, and glad that it was so,
 At Pendleton, in sixty-two,
 When learned themes we did review,

Not always wisely, perhaps, or well ;
 But still we talked, and who can tell
 How fain his fellow was to find
 Agreement in the other's mind—

Agreement founded solidly
 On truth, whose power is mystery ?
 Your love of literature, I saw,
 Was but the love of nature's law,

And therefore gave us new delight,
 For nature always must be right.
 Such knowledge from you we obtained
 Of Darwin's books, so well explained

By you to us, who, doubting heard ;
 For older theories we preferred,
 Till you convinced us that the truth
 Is sometimes clad in robes of youth.

Nor did your love of science spoil
 The love of literary toil
 That scorns to work in mundane things,
 And loves to soar on Fancy's wings.

Your knowledge of the works of mind
 Left us at first some leagues behind ;
 But light like yours must shine and fall,
 Like sunlight, for the good of all,

Your praise of Burns was warm and wise,
 And pointed out where merit lies—
 Not seen by some, but when perceived
 Exceeded all we had believed.

And e'en on Shakespeare's well-trod ground
Your deep research new treasures found.
And yet, although so much you read,
A very real life you lead ;

You would, if power were yours, set free
Your country from its poverty,
By fostering agricultural toil,
And ploughing every inch of soil.

In Ireland we have been together.
In stirring times, and sunny weather.
To Scotland we have sailed, on seas
That made e'en sailors ill at ease ;

But, come to the last degree,
Your wit survived the scowling sea ;
And, free from storm and creaking mast,
We'll talk about the glorious past.





To F. M.

*A friend is worth all hazards we can run,
 Poor is the friendless master of a world ;
 A world in purchase of a friend is gain.*

YOUNG.

McKinlay, I recall the day
 When you and I first came together :
 'Twas when the bloom was on the spray,
 'Twas in the lovely summer weather.

The lough was laughing in the sun,
 Your cheery face was brightly beaming,
 When Jos and I just called for fun,
 As we came o'er the channel steaming.

The humour twinkled in your eye,
 When we strode in, as bold as Hector ;
 And all your house was filled with joy—
 And your two friends were filled with nectar !

You know I whispered in your ear
 A protest mild against the liquor ;
 But still you would not stint your cheer,
 And we must drink another bicker !

You know the merry prank we played
Beneath his lordship's castle wall :
How Cameron's haughty step was stayed,
And pride had such a cruel fall,

And oft since then we've met, I ween :
And now I love you like a brother,
For unto me as kind you've been
In wintry, as in summer, weather.

And long may you, and all your clan,
Be blest with health, and peace, and plenty—
A well-lined purse, a foaming can,
And all that's wanted to content ye !



"And then I love the field-flowers too,
 Because they are a blessing given
 E'en to the poorest little one,
 That wanders 'neath the vault of heaven.
 The garden-flowers are reared for few,
 And to that few belong alone;
 But flowers that spring by vale or stream,
 Each one may claim them for his own."

ANN PRATT.

"By tasting of that fruit forbid,
 Where they sought knowledge, they did error find."

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

“ Go, mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower ;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell ;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth and charm all human eyes.”

COWPER.



THE APPLE.

The apple harvest that doth longer last.

BEN JONSON.

*We have seen three and twenty sorts of applegrafts
upon the same old plant, most of them adorned with
fruit.*

BOYLE.

Of all the sorts of fruit that I come near,
The mellow apple is to me most dear ;
In colour 'tis the "apple of mine eye,"
And ere I end this rhyme I'll tell you why.

With this fair Eve enticed and tempted Adam,
And proved herself the type of every madam.
Alas, that Eve before she fell was frail,
Tho' innocent : but thereby hangs a tale !

She saw the apple fair, as she was fair,
And plucked the fruit whose perfume filled the air :
To see, and touch, and smell, and *not* to taste,
Would hurt her mind, and end in wanton waste.

So reasoned Eve, and ate the fruit forbidden,
 Then sought her lord, in groves of Eden hidden,
 And gave to him, and he, alas ! did eat
 To please his wife, and make our woe complete.

And can we wonder that as rich a fruit
 As ever hung on bough, or sprang from root—
 Should thus beguile the unreflecting pair—
 We should have done the same had we been there !

When earth, attired in green, wears on her bosom
 Spring's latest flowers, we look for apple blossom ;
 And only he who lacks the true devotion
 Will miss the glorious sight and true emotion.

In our fair land we see the roses blooming
 As nowhere else they bloom ; and in the gloaming,
 The zephyrs, o'er the orchards wandering,
 And o'er the gardens, floods of incense bring.

Though Eden lovely must have been at first,
 Ere thorns appeared to tell how man was cursed,
 These Western Isles are Edens still for all
 Who shun the sins that compassed Adam's fall.

Canadian apples some prefer, and prize,
 But are these judges worthy? are they wise?
 True, this Canadian fruit for many a season
 We have consumed, but who can tell the reason?

An apple in an English orchard grown
 Is quite as sweet, and richer far in tone,
 Or I'm no judge ; and rosy, plump, and large,
 What summer-odours apples ripe discharge.

The crab that grows on country hedges, wild,
Is nature's first-born fruit—the parent child
Of all the rest, well known to country swains,
Who loiter with their sweethearts in the lanes.

Then spread the cloth, as white as driven snow,
And bring a dish of apples here for show
Whose shining skins are streaked with lines of red—
I'll swear that he who loves them not is dead.





THE PERIWINKLE.

*Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths.*

WORDSWORTH.

In my little garden, not far from the gate,
A plant is in flower, tho' its blooming is late,
That wondering looks on at the folks who pass by,
And hears with a blush my praise when I cry,
Hurrah for the peerless periwinkle !

When ladies go by on the busy highway,
She looks on their costumes so ample and gay ;
But neither their beauty nor costly perfumes,
She knows very well, can compare with her blooms.
Then hurrah for the peerless periwinkle !

A train she displays that in winter is green,
As well as in summer, when roses are seen—
And here in my garden, not far from the sign
Of the mythical Griffin—what pleasure is mine !
Then hurrah for the peerless periwinkle !

This beautiful plant that trails on the ground,
In every country in Europe is found ;
But uses it has, not mentioned in story,
And virtues of healing, apart from its glory !
Then hurrah for the peerless periwinkle !

Tho' others with blooms of a more gaudy hue,
Are pleased beyond measure, its purple-like blue
Affords me delight that no words can convey,
And prompts me with ardent emotion to say,
Hurrah for the peerless periwinkle ?

Let those who believe that no flowers can be grown
In gardens near cities, come hither, and own
That blossoms as rich as the robe of a queen,
'Neath Manchester skies are here to be seen !
Then hurrah for the peerless periwinkle !





IN PRAISE OF THE ROSE.

*Oh ! my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh ! my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.*

BURNS.

*The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.*

SCOTT.

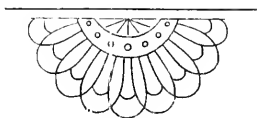
The rose is queen of Flora's flowery home,
Beloved in every land wher'er we roam ;
Blooming as maidens fair, this heaven-born gem,
Companion meet, and blessing unto them.

In olden days the King of Israel said,
"Crown us with rosebuds ere their beauty's fled ;
Come, bring the choicest of the roses hither,
And crown us with them ere they droop and wither !"

The wise man's temple was with riches filled,
Yet such an odour one fair rose distilled,
That balms nor gold, however rich and rare,
Could with its sweetness or its worth compare.

The wondrous minds of men of ancient days,
Did round the rose entwine their purest praise ;
A thousand gems upon this Orient flower,
Will live in poesy till time's last hour.

In Flora's bowers, Oh, may it e'er be seen,
Full ruby red, 'mid leafage emerald green ;
True emblem of the passions mortals move,
Its bosom blushing with the fire of love.



See the minutes how they run ;
How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

SHAKSPEARE.



NEW YEAR'S MUSINGS.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

EMERSON.

*Years following years steal something every day ;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.*

POPE.

Another year has dawned upon the world,
And bids each runner to divest himself
Of every weight, and run with him the race
Whose goal lies in the land of happiness.
Now, therefore, let the sinner own his faults,
For in enforced confession there is ease.
'Tis solace on the tranquil ocean's breast,
Or in the wilderness, when none are near,
To hold communion with the secret God ;
And tell Him in His winds, and underneath
His stars, when night or twilight moves the soul,
That we have wandered from His purity,
Like rivers from their fountains, and are stained
With turbid waters of the unclean world.

How strong is he who guards the avenues
 Through which the tempter enters to delude ;
 And, keeping reason clear and valiant,
 Lets man nor Satan cheat him of the good !
 The resolute can never be o'ercome,
 And one firm will can turn the wheel of Fate,
 Till heaven itself, and all its starry hosts,
 Shall fight upon his side, as Israel's stars
 Fought Sisera at Kishon's hallowed brook.
 Or, if procrastination hitherto
 Dominion has usurped o'er will and act—
 "Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child"—
 Let such a one remember time is short—
 That present ease, and pleasant company,
 Are best enjoyed when duty's tasks are done.
 To-morrow is not given us, but to-day ;
 And if we trust to work, and Providence—
 Man's truest friends, our efforts cannot fail.

The year is gone, and o'er the agèd world
 May the new year, with mercy come to all ;
 And may the brave and worthy poor be glad—
 God send the anxious world a better year ;
 O may its sun be bright, its harvest full,
 And every household be a heaven on earth !





CHRISTMAS WISHES.

*At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.*

THOMAS TUSSER.

Friends beloved ! I wish you joy ;
And all the world beside ;
May never griefs or cares annoy ;
Or favours be denied !

Riches, health, and happiness,
Be your fate while life shall last ;
Friends be more, and foes be less,
Wheresoe'er your lot be cast :

These I wish this Christmas time,
And my heart goes with the rhyme !





MY CHARLESTOWN BOYS.

*I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.*

CHARLES LAMB.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

BYRON.

My class at Charlestown is a class of boys,
As brisk as bees, and quite as fond of noise ;
A girl, we know, can seldom hold her tongue,
And little boys will chatter quite as long.

They seem to wish the lesson over soon,
And yet delight to spend the afternoon
Half studiously, as if they meant to learn,
But could not keep the path without a turn.

They talk, and *will*, e'en while the teacher prays,
And tease, but cannot vex him, with their ways ;
For he, in youth, was full of life, and knows
What lively acts from boyish nature flows.

On Sunday, verses from St. John were read,
 And answers put that might to truth have led ;
 But only two essayed to make remark,
 While all the rest were groping in the dark.

And yet these scholars write a fairer hand
 Than Shakspeare wrote, or Bacon could command—
 A certain proof that learning of a kind
 Has been conveyed to every scholar's mind.

If they would but the least attention give
 To what they here may learn, in them might live
 A Solon, Bright ; or even a greater still,
 With power to mould and guide a nation's will.

'Tis education, rightly understood,
 That trains the mind for evil or for good ;
 And they who know nought live not half their time —
 They walk the earth, but ne'er the mountains climb.

The rod was seldom spared when I was young,
 And woe to him that had a fluent tongue ;
 Now Faith, and Hope, and Love *alone* must rule ;
 And may they bear good fruit in Charlestown School !





OUR LITTLE BROOD.

*I know all the fowls of the mountains : and the wild
beasts of the field are mine.*

PSALM i., II.

*What is this mighty breath, ye sages sang,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven ?*

What but God !

*Inspiring God ! whose boundless spirit all
And unremitting energy pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.*

THOMSON.

Whatever lives that pleasure gives to men
Is not unworthy of the poet's pen—
The noisy fowls that strut about the farm,
The goat that keeps the stable free from harm ;

The dog, the horse, the sweetly smelling kine,
The new fleeced lambs, and e'en the wallowing swine,
Are all God's creatures sent from heaven above
To serve man's needs and stimulate his love.

On Tuesday morning last at seven o'clock,
When Emily ran to feed her little flock
Of fowls that numbered half-a-score,
All followed her save one from door to door.

And that she soon espied, though young and small,
 Entangled on a holdfast in the wall—
 Its wing nigh broken, and near spent its life
 In gaining freedom by unceasing strife.

How prompt she was to set the captive free,
 And then how pitiful and sad was she !
 O man ! thy strength is great, but great indeed
 Is woman's courage in the hour of need !

Nor short-lived was her kindly sympathy ;
 She gave it life as well as liberty
 By tending it till it was self-reliant,
 And even bold enough to be defiant.

And yet she loves it more than all the brood,
 Although not blind to its ingratitude ;
 For well she knows that fowls, like human creatures,
 Have perverse wills and very complex natures ;

That hate and selfishness as well as love
 The brood to wars and petty quarrels move,
 And plumed feathers fly, and breasts are bare,
 Till peaceful night comes on to end all care !

But one there is, the king of all the birds,
 Who calls the brood to breakfast with strange words
 Each day ; and after that he leads them all
 To scratch the dung-hill near the garden wall.

He parts the fighters when too long they fight,
 Or, if 'tis needful, he defends the right ;
 Noble and generous to the last degree,
 Though proud of his red comb and tail, is he !

His sires from Egypt came in times remote :
 Behold his orient plumes, his glossy coat,
 And all his wives ! and can it be denied
 That Emily's love is more than justified !

A
METRICAL RECORD

OF THE
AUTUMNAL MEETING
OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION
OF ENGLAND AND WALES,
HELD AT BRADFORD, OCTOBER, 1892.

BY T. COSTLEY

Author of "My Favourite Authors."

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby
some have entertained angels unawares.—

Hebrews xiii., 2.

DEDICATED.
To
THE HOSTS AND HOSTESSES
ENTERTAINING THE DELEGATES
TO THE
AUTUMNAL MEETINGS OF THE UNION,
HELD AT BRADFORD, IN 1892,
LONDON, 1893, AND LIVERPOOL, 1894.

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THE CHURCH.

"The Church, the holy, the high, it is that rears for us the ladder to heaven."—*Schiller*.

"There is a true Church when ever one meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or mother Church which ever was or ever shall be."—*Ruskin*.

Man does not live by bread alone, or life
Would be a daily round of ceaseless strife ;
Or but a troubled waiting time for death,
Wherein no room could be for love or faith.
Therefore the Church of God exists on earth
To testify to Him who gave us birth
In this wide world, and is the source of peace
That passeth knowledge and shall never cease.

And we, the servants of the Church of God,
Planted by Him who once our planet trod,
Communion hold, each year, to mingle prayers
And praises, and to lessen hindering cares—
To feel the glow of that celestial fire
Vouchsafed at Pentecost, to ne'er expire,
To gather wisdom by experience won,
To find new themes, and count up what is done,
To learn how best to lighten labour's load,
And bring the erring wanderer back to God.

THE JOURNEY.

For Bradford on that Monday afternoon,
When we from home departed, in the east,
Upon a heavy cloud, surcharged with rain,
A glorious rainbow shone—a perfect arch—
Renewing that old promise to the world
Which God to Noah made, and since to us.
It instantly recalled the words “of him
Who uttered nothing base,” “my heart leaps up
When I behold a rainbow in the sky!”
And, turning east, I heard that greater Voice
Proclaim that seed-time never more should cease,
Nor summer waste itself on shoreless seas,
Nor harvest fail, or perish in a flood.
Upon the iron horse we sped through space,
As if Sir Harry Nicholas ran behind.
For me the time passed pleasantly, a priest
Of lively humour talking all the time,
And dropping wisdom in the jokes he made,
As thick as hailstones shaken from a cloud
By sudden thunder, following lightning fast.

THE ARRIVAL AND THE WELCOME.

“ Stranger or countryman to me
 Welcome alike should ever be ;
 To ask of any guest his name,
 Or whence he is, or whence he came,
 I hold can never be his part
 Who owns a hospitable heart.”— *Macedonius*

Bradford was reached at last—a town of hills,
 Too small for mountains such as Wales can boast,
 But finely grouped and picturesque, though small.
 But better than all lands are kindly hearts
 Who do the will of God and know it not ;
 And these abound in Bradford’s busy town,
 Where homely hospitality prevails.
 And know ye, all who jest at Yorkshire’s greed,
 That no such greed exists except in jest ;
 And he who needs to lie to make a laugh
 Has still less wit than he has charity.

Each day, at Horton lane Dissenting School,
 Fair dames and damsels served the fragrant tea,
 With viands fit to grace a royal feast ;
 And they who served wore garments fit for queens,
 So truly rich were they in form and hue,
 And richer far the beauty they adorned ;
 But better than rich robes, their kindly hearts,
 That sought to make the happiest happier.
 And such a perfect liberty was ours,
 When duty gave us leave to recreate,
 That all distinction vanished into air,
 And shameless pride became humility.

EVAN HERBER EVANS, D.D.

And now, from festival to festival,
 To Horton Chapel trooped the Church's sons,
 To hear the Reverend Herber Evans preach ;
 For well they knew what mighty power was his,
 Who many a soul had snatched from Satan's grasp,
 And many a one that fainted by the way
 Had filled with hope, and saved from dire despair.
 "The living Church" a fitting subject was
 For him whose energetic eloquence
 Was like the mighty force of Robert Hall,
 Partaking of the fervour of his race,
 Or of the scenery of his native land,
 Where sterile mountains seem to pierce the skies,
 Or hills with pines of noblest growth are clad.
 Here smoothly flows convincing eloquence,
 As smoothly Conway's tranquil river flows ;
 And here a torrent of triumphant joy
 Leaps from a lofty eminence of thought.
 Here logic no adornment will allow,
 But naked as a rock presents the truth ;
 And here Spring figures fair for loving hearts,
 As in the tranquil vales spring brightest flowers.

How grand the doctor's peroration was
 That ended with the noble Laureate's words,
 Who late had passed to his eternal rest :
 "The war drum throbs no longer, and the battle
 flags are furled,
 In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the
 World !"

Long may the Doctor live to do God's work,
 And may we sometimes hear his organ-voice,
 As then we heard it, and again rejoice !

THE EDITOR'S DAY.

"The Press is a mill which grinds all that is put into its hopper."—*Bryant*.

The second day, in part, was spent by us
In speaking of the organ of our church,
The "Independent" named, and rightly named,
Which pleads our cause and makes our movements
known,

And so procures us fame and makes us friends.
The press is now all but omnipotent
For good or ill, and they who neither write
Nor print, but trust to evanescent speech
Must intermarry much if they would grow.
Pure literature is not too plentiful
In this voracious reading age of ours ;
And soon, too soon, the appetite is spoiled
By pungent condiments, and sauces hot.
Therefore the need of better patronage
From those who bear the "Independent's" name.
The organ wages war for the oppressed,
Does battle on the side of Truth and Right,
Makes known the gospel in the plainest words,
And keeps it from adulteration pure—
Has neither cant nor foul vulgarity ;
But fashions language worthy of its themes,
And speaks its mind with no uncertain voice.
Therefore let all indifference henceforth cease,
And give our journal its deserved increase.

Dr. MACKENNAL'S SPEECH.

"Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought :

Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains withered and scanty ;

Speech is reason's brother, and a kindly prerogative of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake and it was done ;
Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a symbol,
And speech is the body of thought, without which, it were
not seen." --*Martin F. Tupper.*

If brevity is rightly said to be
The soul of wit, why not of eloquence ?
Mackennal of the church's martyrs spoke.
A famous Doctor of Divinity
And Pillar of the Independent Church,
He spoke, with fluent brevity and force,
Of that sublime fidelity to truth
Which made the martyrs smile at threats of death.
He praised the stalwart Puritans of old,
Who fought for that religious liberty
We now enjoy, and may, and must, extend ;
And then the doctor made a fitting end.

THE REV. S. PEARSON, M.A., AND THE STORY OF THE CHURCH'S MARTYRS, 1593.

"Christianity has made martyrdom sublime and sorrow triumphant."—*Chapin.*

"And therefore if my blood were ocean sea and every drop thereof were a life unto me, I would give them all by the help of the Lord for the maintenance of the same confession. Yet if any error can be showed therein, that will I not maintain."—*John Penry.*

When Moses saw the glory in the bush,
Which made him half afraid, who no man feared,
A voice proclaimed the region "holy ground,"
And bade him cast the sandals from his feet,
And so to yield the reverence due to God.
With reverence such as his should we approach
The records of the martyrdom of saints,
Who perished for the faith we hold to-day.
These records were by Pearson opened out,
And read with reverential emphasis
To the attentive representatives ;
And they who heard the story grieved to learn,
That she who followed Mary to the throne,
Like Saul, consented to the martyrs' deaths.
Oh, what a time was that, when no man dared
To speak what conscience prompted him to speak,
Lest fire, or other instrument of death,
Should make him silent until judgment day.
Three martyrs—Barrowe, Greenwood, Penry, gave
Their lives to God, in fifteen ninety three,
The thirty-fifth of "Great Eliza's" reign,
Whose will was then the courtier's instrument.
At Tyburn Gate, in April of that year,
The two first-named were hanged, and Penry's death
Was compassed in the following month of May,
In Surrey Fields, two miles from London town.
And who subscribed the warrants of their death?

Alas ! the Primate of the English Church,
 Who sat in Cranmer's seat, whose red right hand
 Had not offended heaven so much as his.
 Three hundred years have passed since that dread
 time,
 And now the danger is, as Pearson said,
 Of self-indulgence and the love of ease,
 As if the path to heaven was carpeted,
 And strewn with thornless roses all the way.
 Let us rekindle at the ancient fire
 The courage needed yet for better works,
 For fighting falsehood in this wicked world,
 For saving faith from treacherous friends and foes,
 For making crime and poverty unknown,
 And Faith in Christ's atonement living faith.

THE CHURCH AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.

KEIR HARDIE'S INTERPOSITION.

When He who made the world was in the world,
 To prove His love for all the human race,
 He preached His gospel chiefly to the poor.
 "Come unto me," He said, "ye weary ones,
 And ye who bear the burdens of the rich,
 Not one of whom will touch the loads they lay
 On human backs with e'en a finger's touch,
 Come unto me ye weary ones for rest."
 And ever since that sacred time, the poor
 Have been in every land the Churches' care :
 Beneath the standard of the Cross, no slaves
 Now feel the lash of human tyranny ;
 No dungeons now are dark and loathsome graves

Wherein Oppression compasses his ends.
 Palatial institutions now abound
 In christian lands to benefit the poor,
 And Lazarus dies no more at Dives' gate.
 But men in modern times, who live by toil,
 Make new demands that are not always wise—
 Demands which their best friends will not approve.
 And as the Church must always speak the truth,
 And yet give no offence, nor wrong the poor,
 Her duty is beset with many cares.
 But speak she must with no uncertain voice,
 That justice may with love be reconciled,
 And labour led to sure prosperity.
 For ever must she strive for lasting peace,
 And yet not frown on strife for noble ends.
 She must not fear to plainly tell the poor
 That justice is the right of all the free ;
 Nor fear to tell the rich that God demands
 A tax of generous deeds for privilege.
 These questions were discussed by us at length,
 And many truths were urged with eloquence,
 Until Keir Hardie rose to strike a note
 Of discord, and to wildly charge the Church
 With inattention to the needy poor.
 He spoke as if to set the world on fire,
 And with the confidence of charlatans ;
 As if he, more than all who ever lived,
 Had solved the problem ages could not solve.
 But two defects discounted his pretence—
 His charges were untrue, his plans unwise,
 And who on such advice as his relies ?

THE TRIBUTE TO TENNYSON.

"Two orders of poets I admit, but no third; the creative (Shakespeare, Homer and Dante), and reflective or preceptive (Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson); and both these must be first-rate in their range."—*Ruskin*

Theme after theme of greatest interest, then
 Taxed many minds, with much advantage gained;
 But time for none will wait, and duty calls
 Too loudly to be silenced or denied.
 And hence the most delightful days must end!
 But how could Christian brethren separate
 Without a tribute to the Christian bard,
 The burial of whose body on that day
 Made England mourn with more than wonted grief?
 He who clothed thought in language not surpassed
 In all its attributes of eloquence;
 He who indited "In Memoriam,"
 And wrote "Kind hearts are more than coronets"—
 The greatest moral poet of our time.
 To Horton was the task assigned, and well
 And wisely he performed the task.
 All praise be unto him, and to the Church,
 For honouring genius given to us by God.
 For only He who made the world could make
 The men of mighty minds, and richly give
 "The light that never was on sea or land—
 The consecration, and the poet's dream."
 Home next was foremost in the thoughts of all,
 And when the partings and farewells were o'er,
 We took our ways, perhaps to meet no more!

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THE THROSTLE'S NEST ;

OR,

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Spring is the morning of the year—the time
When Nature from her night of winter wakes ;
And, from her beauteous form the robes of snow
Removing, puts her new apparel on,
With cowslips trimmed, and azure hyacinths
That purple sometimes are with wantonness :
Not richer were the robes of Solomon,
In looms of Egypt and of India wrought !

Then comes the throstle from his secret place,
And, perched aloft upon a budding bough,
Fills all the valley with his melody.
His theme is love, with joy and sorrow blent,
For well he knows the rainbow brightest glows
On sombre clouds, and light shines best in gloom.

I have a garden, skirted by a road
Where busy men, and laden waggons, move
From early morning till the sun goes down—
A small demesne where rhododendrons bloom
And glow beside a spreading chestnut tree.
Nearer the window, in their seasons seen,
Are roses, lilacs, daffodils, and stocks,
And flowers in English gardens often found.
Nor, Reader, dream thou that this Paradise
Is very far from Manchester removed ;
For near us Cromwell Bridge the Irwell spans,
And in the distance modern minarets
Ascend, smoke-stained, and darken leagues of land.

Last year a pair of wedded throstles came
(Like spies by Joshua sent to Canaan),
To scan this little Paradise of ours,
And, after search and consultation, chose
For residence the rhododendron tree.
This right have all the children of the air—
To live where'er they list, by lords untaxed,
By laws unvexed but such as Nature gives.

Perhaps the birds, who, spite of human talk,
Can think and reason, knew that we were friends ;
For here, when leafless trees were white with rime,
The robins printed footsteps in the snow
That they might banquet on the bounteous feast
Prepared by her who chiefly lives for me :
And other signs are here of loving care
For all that lives and gives delight to man.
Here also, in the rhododendron's gloom,
Is shelter from all storms that blow,
And, therefore, chose the wedded throstles well.

And oh ! what joy was ours to watch unseen
The wife-bird, from our chamber-window, build
Of moss, and twigs, and hay, her perfect nest ;
While he whose wife she was supplied her needs.
Her bill and breast were all her instruments ;
But skill like hers, and patience limitless,
With toil allied, perfection must attain,
If in this world of error and of death
Perfection has a place for those who toil.

And here, if ever, was a perfect nest,
Round as the covering of an acorn-cup,
And snug, and firm, yet warm and soft as down.
And while her husband, perched on topmost bough
Of the near neighbouring beech, poured loudly forth
Unwonted strains that made the branches shake,
We dared to look into the throstles' home,
For now the birds were not afraid of us ;
And there, with joy, beheld four speckled eggs.

Day followed day, and gave us new delights ;
Song followed song, so exquisitely sweet
The joy they gave us seemed a pleasant pain,
As if reminding us of Eden lost !

One morning, climbing to the nest, I saw
The living evidence of all this love,
And, almost like a schoolboy, ran to tell
The partner of my sorrows and my joys.

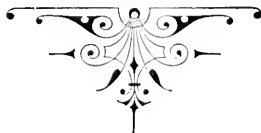
The young ones prospered well, for well they fed
(Nor ever seemed, with all their eating, full),
Until their breasts and backs were fully clothed,
And life was strong enough to make them strive,
As children in a human household strive !

"Another week," we said, "and all this love
Will surely reap its well-deserved reward !"
Alas ! there is no certainty but death.
One morning when we woke there was no nest ;
But far above a mother's breaking heart,
And for ourselves a sorrow never soothed.
Upon a yielding lawn, a human foot
Had printed proofs of inhumanity
In him who claims to be a god on earth—
A foot, not of a youth who loved too well,
But of a man in whom no pity dwelt.

O Father of all grace ! must we forgive
One so depraved, ere we can be forgiven ?

Reprinted from the

"MIDDLETON GUARDIAN," Dec. 17th, 1892.





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“Index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.”

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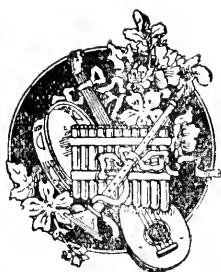
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FROM J. E. HULL TO THOMAS COSTLEY.

“ I often look with pity
On those who write a ditty
That's neither wise nor witty,
But as shallow as a plate—
Who use such words as “ beaming,”
And make them clink with “ dreaming ;”
Then to their sight and seeming
'Tis something truly great.

But the true and gifted singer
Finds words that live and linger,
Like the ring upon the finger—
A sweet poetic gem.
These, when they strike the lyre,
Show sparks “ o' Nature's fire,”
And this I must admire,
And you are one of them.

Your book's a fair example,
And the evidence is ample
That you can search and sample,
And fairest flowers cull—
A genius clear and clever ;
So Costley live for ever,
May your shadow less grow never,
Is the sentiment of HULL.”



Some Opinions of the Press, which Colton says is
“The foe of rhetoric but the friend of reason.”

The “PALL MALL GAZETTE” says:—

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The "LIVERPOOL COURIER" says:—

"The lecture giving the volume its title is 'Lancashire Poets,' and it deals with some of the poets of the county from the 16th to the 18th centuries in an interesting manner. The other contents of the book are on an infinite variety of subjects."

The "MANCHESTER COURIER" says:—

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especially Mr. COSTLEY's publication should be warmly welcomed."

The "BELFAST NEWS LETTER" (The oldest newspaper in Ireland) says :—

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genius in others. The first chapter of 'British Eloquence and Literature,' conveys an indication of his wider thought and cultivation. 'Our Laws in Relation to Tramps,' gives much useful information, and is accompanied by an amusing fac-simile of a chart found upon one of the nomadic race, showing how tramps, by a sort of Freemasonry degraded to its lowest level, contrive to inform one another of the good and bad 'houses of call' from the beggar's point of view. On no subject is our author more at home than on that of the 'Lancashire Poets and Authors' of the present and the two preceding centuries, while he is also quite happy in telling us 'What the Poets have said about Flowers,' in lecturing on which subject he was honoured by having Mrs. Leo H. Grindon to preside over his crowded auditory."

The "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS" says:—

"Mr. THOMAS COSTLEY has for many years been engaged in delivering lectures, in his leisure hours, to various societies and clubs round about Manchester on literary, social, and miscellaneous subjects; and in this volume he has collected a dozen or more of a series which he gave a short time ago in aid of the funds of the Salford Royal Hospital. His topics have ranged from Lancashire Poets and the Worthies of Salford to the Laws Relating to Tramps, British Eloquence, the Songs and Singers of Ireland, and the Lakes of Killarney. Mr. COSTLEY has evidently been an omnivorous reader and an industrious note-taker. The best chapters are three giving his experiences as a poor law guardian. Here he is upon his own ground, for he has rendered assiduous service in that capacity. His observations on the treatment of the poor, on tramps, on remedies for poverty, and cognate subjects are thoughtful and suggestive, and these lectures embody a good deal of information on an important and little understood department of local administration."

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THE "CLARION" says:—

"Mr. THOMAS COSTLEY, of Salford, has just published his second book, 'Lancashire Poets, and Other Literary Sketches.' Mr. COSTLEY has not limited himself to Lancashire poets and prose writers, not to mention Salford worthies. He has ranged over the wide field of English literature, and appended his own personal experience as a poor law guardian. The book contains much curious information, but perhaps the gem of the collection is a fac-simile of a chart found upon a professional tramp. The chart is in-

tended to illustrate a lecture on 'Our Laws in Relation to Tramps.' The best places to go to and those which are to be avoided by the tramp are plainly indicated by a series of rude signs. Thus at one house the people are shown to be 'religious, but kind;' another place had been 'spoiled; too many tramps call.' The third is marked as 'dangerous; likely to be given in charge.' At the fourth the inmates are 'too poor; give nothing;' and at the fifth the people are 'good; safe for something if you don't talk much.' For reference purposes the book is of great value. Perhaps if Mr. COSTLEY brings out a second edition he will have the volume properly edited, as there is much matter that might with advantage be omitted, and other portions which require rearrangement."

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the experience of the author as a member of the Salford Board of Guardians, is particularly interesting in view of the sharp criticism to which poor law administration is at present being subjected. The opening paragraph of this article gives one of the best descriptions of the work of a poor law guardian which we have ever seen."

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than the third. Who does not want to know what the poets have said about flowers? The subject is as extensive in scope as it is interesting in matter to the lover of poetry and to the lover of trees, shrubs, and flowers. 'My labours,' says the lecturer, 'in the delightful pursuit after the choice bits of poetry on flowers, to me have been most elevating.'

"But Mr. COSTLEY, devoted as he is to the poetry and beauty of life, is not by any means regardless of the practical duties of this work-a-day world, nor indifferent to its wants and sorrows. Lectures are devoted to the prosaic subjects of 'The Poor and Poor Laws,' 'Our Laws in Relation to Tramps,' and to the lecturer's experience as a member of the Salford Board of Guardians. Mr. COSTLEY is Irish, and our national poet has not been forgotten by him. 'Ireland,' he observes, 'is a small country, but to deal with some of her people and her surroundings is a big task. In point of lyrical poetry she is behind no country in the world.' And with Professor Wilson, Mr. COSTLEY believes Moore to have been the chief of lyric poets.

"A charming lecture on landscape scenery particularises the Lakes of Killarney, but the lecture which has given us the most sincere gratification, the most unalloyed pleasure, is that on the 'Songs and Singers of Ireland.' It is warmly appreciative, and at the same time so carefully critical, that it is evident the lecturer was not swayed either by patriotism or enthusiasm, or carried away by old memories and associations. 'In a number of Irish songs,' he observes, 'we find fire, pathos, beauty, the true spirit of freedom, and everything that is noble, refined, and religious.'

"The print of 'Lancashire Poets' is nicely turned out, and is a convenient size, while a very full index gives great help in turning to any author or reference that may be required."

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